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THE THIRD BOOK OF STORIES
FOR THE STORY-TELLER

THE THIRD BOOK OF STORIES FOR THE STORY-TELLER

BY FANNY E. COE

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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The Riverside Press Cambridge
1920

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OF
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THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED
TO
MY MOTHER

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FOREWORD

Kate Douglas Wiggin says, in her sparkling way: "Thrice blessed she who is recognized at a glance as a person likely to be full to the brim of stories." Probably all of us desire to be so equipped, but, alas, many of us fail the small petitioner at the crucial moment. The *Third Book of Stories for the Story-Teller*, like its predecessors, is designed to be "first aid" to third-grade teachers, to busy mothers, and to social workers. Here, under one cover, are gathered a goodly number of stories suitable for children of third-grade age, drawn from many nations and from widely differing sources. Fairy tales, including folk-tales and the modern fairy tales, occupy a generous space. But besides these groups of perennial charm, there are Stories of Real Life in which children of this age are beginning to take keen interest. This theme of Real Life includes tales of child life, child heroes, adult heroes, and animals.

Few to-day deny the importance of the fairy story in education. The little girl who said, "I want to go to the place where the shadows are real," voiced a genuine need.

As George Goschen says, in his address on "The Cultivation of the Imagination": "I like . . . even little children to have some larger food than images of their own little lives, and I confess I am sorry for the children whose imaginations are not stimulated by beautiful fairy tales which carry them to worlds different from those in which their future will be passed. . . . I hold that what removes them more or less from their daily life is better than what reminds them of it at every step." One great value of the story world to the child is that, if poor, he may have the wealth of Aladdin or Fortunatus; if sad, he may be gay with Snow-White and Rose-Red; if inarticulate, he may find himself speaking with the silver tongue of Ulysses. These transient experiences of other moods in other lives are of incalculable benefit to him, and he returns to his own everyday path rested and cheered, with a higher heart for his own endeavor.

Mr. Richard Thomas Wyche has said truly that "psychologists are telling us that to educate a child . . . to aspire and make effort towards excellence, is as practicable as to do or to make something. It calls for more delicate but not different treatment; working not by dictation but by magnetic

suggestion. The story-teller may render a great service to the individual and the community by helping to form right-feeling habit." Literature is a potent means by which children may be helped to finer endeavor. Didactic instruction, winding up with such phrases as "Be good"; "Be thoughtful for others," they accept with cold, even stern silence. But the narrative of Cinderella or the Little Hero of Haarlem, that voices the same appeal, leaves them aglow with zeal to imitate these radiant beings who have shown them the beauty of the dull old virtues in action.

The *Third Book of Stories for the Story-Teller* is rich in moral appeal. Here are tales that illustrate kindness, exact obedience, perseverance, gratitude, courage, and devotion to duty. That bravery adorns a woman is shown in the superb story of "How Black Agnes kept her Castle." Her gay courage would have delighted John Ruskin, who, reversing the conventional idea, would have the young men to be gentle and the maidens brave. Love — whether parental, filial, or that wider love known as humanity — has many illustrations, notably in the beautiful stories by Dallas Lore Sharp, Dinah Maria Mulock, and Elihu Burritt.

One form of culture is the ability to appreciate humor, to know with delicate certainty when, and when not, to laugh. One of the minor aims of this series has been to awaken in the child a sensitive response to true humor. Many amusing situations in the old folk-tales are admirable for this purpose.

The intellectual needs of a later day have also been borne in mind in choosing the selections. The art student, gazing on pictures of St. Jerome and his attendant lion, will instantly recall with a thrill of satisfaction, Miss Abbie Farwell Brown's version of the lovely old legend. The student of literature will be glad to find, packed away in his memory, the story of Childe Rowland and Burd Ellen by which he may interpret or at least understand the point of departure for Shakespeare's reference in *King Lear*, and for Browning's poem with its haunting title "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came."

The authors represented by the selections in the book rank high. They are such well-known American and English writers as Howard Pyle, Dallas Lore Sharp, Abbie Farwell Brown, David Starr Jordan, Samuel R. Crockett, Dinah Maria Mulock, and Juliana Horatio Ewing.

One purpose of the compiler has been to offer stories that need not be adapted or modified when read or told. It is hoped that the form in which they stand will immediately appeal to the child.

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"The Water of Life." From *The Wonder Clock*, Howard Pyle. *Harper and Brothers.*

"The Husband who was to mind the House." From *East of the Sun and West of the Moon*, Gudrun Thorne-Thomsen. *Row, Peterson & Co.*

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"The Mother Murre," From *Where Rolls the Oregon*, Dallas Lore Sharp. *Houghton Mifflin Company.*

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THE
THIRD BOOK OF STORIES
FOR THE STORY-TELLER

FOLK-TALES

JESPER WHO HERDED THE HARES

THERE was once a king who ruled over a kingdom somewhere between sunrise and sunset. It was as small as kingdoms usually were in old times, and when the King went up to the roof of his palace and took a look round, he could see to the ends of it in every direction. But as it was all his own, he was very proud of it, and often wondered how it would get along without him. He had only one child, and that was a daughter, so he foresaw that she must be provided with a husband who would be fit to be king after him. Where to find one rich enough and clever enough to be a suitable match for the Princess was what troubled him, and often kept him awake at night.

At last he devised a plan. He made a proc-

lamation over all his kingdom (and asked his nearest neighbors to publish it in theirs as well) that whoever could bring him a dozen of the finest pearls the King had ever seen, and could perform certain tasks that would be set him, should have his daughter in marriage and in due time succeed to the throne. The pearls, he thought, could only be brought by a very wealthy man, and the tasks would require unusual talents to accomplish them.

There were plenty who tried to fulfill the terms which the King proposed. Rich merchants and foreign princes presented themselves one after the other, so that some days the number of them was quite annoying; but, though they all could produce magnificent pearls, not one of them could perform even the simplest of the tasks set them. Some turned up, too, who were mere adventurers, and tried to deceive the old King with imitation pearls; but he was not to be taken in so easily, and they were soon sent about their business. At the end of several weeks the stream of suitors began to fall off, and still there was no prospect of a suitable son-in-law.

Now it so happened that in a little corner of the King's dominions, beside the sea, there lived a poor fisher who had three sons, and their names were Peter, Paul, and Jesper.

Peter and Paul were grown men, while Jesper was just coming to manhood. The two elder brothers were much bigger and stronger than the youngest, but Jesper was far the cleverest of the three, though neither Peter nor Paul would admit this. It was a fact, however, as we shall see in the course of our story.

One day the fisherman went out fishing, and among his catch for the day he brought home three dozen oysters. When these were opened, every shell was found to contain a large and beautiful pearl. Hereupon the three brothers, at one and the same time, fell upon the idea of offering themselves as suitors for the Princess. After some discussion it was agreed that the pearls should be divided by lot, and that each should have his chance in the order of his age; of course, if the oldest was successful, the other two would be saved the trouble of trying.

Next morning Peter put his pearls in a little basket, and set off for the King's palace. He had not gone far on his way when he came upon the King of the Ants and the King of the Beetles, who, with their armies behind them, were facing each other and preparing for battle.

"Come and help me," said the King of the Ants; "the beetles are too big for us. I may help you some day in return."

"I have no time to waste on other people's affairs," said Peter; "just fight away as best you can." And with that he walked off and left them.

A little farther on the way he met an old woman.

"Good-morning, young man," said she; "you are early astir. What have you got in your basket?"

"Cinders," said Peter promptly, and walked on; adding to himself, "Take that for being so inquisitive."

"Very well, cinders be it," the old woman called after him, but he pretended not to hear her.

Very soon he reached the palace, and was at once brought before the King. When he took the cover off the basket, the King and all his courtiers said with one voice that these were the finest pearls they had ever seen, and they could not take their eyes off them. But then a strange thing happened: the pearls began to lose their whiteness and grew quite dim in color; then they grew blacker and blacker till at last they were just like so many cinders. Peter was so amazed that he could say nothing for himself, but the King said quite enough for both, and Peter was glad to get away home again as fast as his legs would

carry him. To his father and brothers, however, he gave no account of his attempt, except that it had been a failure.

Next day Paul set out to try his luck. He soon came upon the King of the Ants and the King of the Beetles, who with their armies had encamped on the field of battle all night, and were ready to begin the fight again.

"Come and help me," said the King of the Ants; "we got the worst of it yesterday. I may help you some day in return."

"I don't care though you get the worst of it to-day too," said Paul. "I have more important business on hand than mixing myself up in your quarrels."

So he walked on, and presently the same old woman met him.

"Good-morning," said she; "what have *you* got in your basket?"

"Cinders," said Paul, who was quite as insolent as his brother, and quite as anxious to teach other people good manners.

"Very well, cinders be it," the old woman shouted after him.

But Paul neither looked back nor answered her. He thought more of what she said, however, after his pearls also turned to cinders before the eyes of King and court;

then he lost no time in getting home again, and was very sulky when asked how he had succeeded.

The third day came, and with it came Jesper's turn to try his fortune. He got up and had his breakfast, while Peter and Paul lay in bed and made rude remarks, telling him that he would come back quicker than he went, for if they had failed it could not be supposed that he would succeed. Jesper made no reply, but put his pearls in the little basket and walked off.

The King of the Ants and the King of the Beetles were again marshaling their hosts, but the ants were greatly reduced in numbers, and had little hope of holding out that day.

"Come and help us," said their King to Jesper, "or we shall be completely defeated. I may help you some day in return."

Now Jesper had always heard the ants spoken of as clever and industrious little creatures, while he had never heard any one say a good word for the beetles, so he agreed to give the wished-for help. At the first charge he made, the ranks of the beetles broke and fled in dismay, and those escaped best that were nearest a hole, and could get into it before Jesper's boots came down upon

them. In a few minutes the ants had the field all to themselves; and their King made an eloquent speech to Jesper, thanking him for the service he had done them, and promising to assist him in any difficulty.

"Just call upon me when you want me," he said, "wherever you are. I'm never far away from anywhere, and if I can possibly help you, I shall not fail to do it."

Jesper was inclined to laugh at this, but he kept a grave face, said he would remember the offer, and walked on.

At a turn of the road he suddenly came upon the old woman.

"Good-morning," said she; "what have *you* got in your basket?"

"Pearls," said Jesper; "I'm going to the palace to win the Princess with them." And in case she might not believe him, he lifted the cover and let her see them.

"Beautiful," said the old woman; "very beautiful, indeed; but they will go a very little way toward winning the Princess, unless you can also perform the tasks that are set you. However," she said, "I see you have brought something with you to eat. Won't you give that to me? You are sure to get a good dinner at the palace."

"Yes, of course," said Jesper. "I had n't

thought of that." And he handed over the whole of his lunch to the old woman.

He had already taken a few steps on the way again, when the old woman called him back again.

"Here," she said; "take this whistle in return for your lunch. It is n't much to look at, but if you blow it, anything that you have lost or that has been taken from you will find its way back to you in a moment."

Jesper thanked her for the whistle, though he did not see of what use it was to be to him just then, and held on his way to the palace.

When Jesper presented his pearls to the King, there were exclamations of wonder and delight from every one who saw them. It was not pleasant, however, to discover that Jesper was a mere fisher-lad; that was n't the kind of son-in-law that the King had expected, and he said so to the Queen.

"Never mind," said she, "you can easily set him such tasks as he will never be able to perform; we shall soon get rid of him."

"Yes, of course," said the King; "really I forget things nowadays, with all the bustle we have had of late."

That day Jesper dined with the King and Queen and their nobles, and at night was

put into a bedroom grander than anything of the kind he had ever seen. It was all so new to him that he could not sleep a wink, especially as he was always wondering what kind of tasks would be set him to do, and whether he would be able to perform them. In spite of the softness of the bed, he was very glad when morning came at last.

After breakfast was over, the King said to Jesper, "Just come with me, and I'll show you what you must do first." He led him out to the barn, and there in the middle of the floor was a large pile of grain. "Here," said the King, "you have a mixed heap of wheat, barley, oats, and rye, a sackful of each. By an hour before sunset you must have these sorted out into four heaps, and if a single grain is found in a wrong heap you have no further chance of marrying my daughter. I shall lock the door, so that no one can get in to assist you, and I shall return at the appointed hour to see how you have succeeded."

The King walked off, and Jesper looked in despair at the task before him. Then he sat down and tried what he could do at it, but it was soon very clear that single-handed he could never hope to accomplish it in the time. Assistance was out of the question, —

unless, he suddenly thought, — unless the King of the Ants could help. On him he began to call, and before many minutes had passed that royal personage made his appearance. Jesper explained the trouble he was in.

"Is that all?" said the ant; "we shall soon put that to rights." He gave the royal signal, and in a minute or two a stream of ants came pouring into the barn, who under their King's orders set to work to separate the grain into the proper heaps.

Jesper watched them for a while, but through the continual movement of the little creatures, and his not having slept during the previous night, he soon fell sound asleep.

When he woke again, the King had just come into the barn, and was amazed to find that not only was the task accomplished, but that Jesper had found time to take a nap as well.

"Wonderful!" said he; "I could n't have believed it possible. However, the hardest is yet to come, as you will see to-morrow."

Jesper thought so, too, when the next day's task was set before him. The King's gamekeepers had caught a hundred live hares, which were to be let loose in a large meadow, and there Jesper must herd them all day, and

bring them safely home in the evening; if even one were missing, he must give up all thought of marrying the Princess. Before he had quite grasped the fact that this was an impossible task, the keepers had opened the sacks in which the hares were brought to the field, and, with a whisk of the short tail and a flap of the long ears, each one of the hundred flew in a different direction.

"Now," said the King, as he walked away, "let's see what your cleverness can do here."

Jesper stared around him in bewilderment, and having nothing better to do with his hands, thrust them into his pockets, as he was in the habit of doing. Here he found something which turned out to be the whistle given to him by the old woman. He remembered what she had said about the virtues of the whistle, but was rather doubtful whether its powers would extend to a hundred hares, each of which had gone in a different direction and might be several miles distant by this time. However, he blew the whistle, and in a few minutes the hares came bounding through the hedge on all the four sides of the field, and before long were all sitting round him in a circle. After that, Jesper allowed them to run about as they pleased, so long as they stayed in the field.

The King had told one of the keepers to hang about for a little and see what became of Jesper, not doubting, however, that as soon as he saw the coast clear he would use his legs to the best advantage, and never show face at the palace again. It was, therefore, with great surprise and annoyance that he now learned of the mysterious return of the hares and the likelihood of Jesper carrying out his task with success.

"One of them must be got out of his hands by hook or crook," said he. "I'll go and see the Queen about it; she's good at devising plans."

A little later a girl in a shabby dress came into the field and walked up to Jesper.

"Do give me one of those hares," she said; "we have just got visitors who are going to stay to dinner, and there's nothing we can give them to eat."

"I can't," said Jesper. "For one thing, they're not mine; for another, a great deal depends on my having them all here in the evening."

But the girl (and she was a very pretty girl, though so shabbily dressed) begged so hard for one of them that at last he said: —

"Very well; give me a kiss and you shall have one of them."

He could see that she did n't quite care for this, but she consented to the bargain, and gave him the kiss, and went away with a hare in her apron. Scarcely had she got outside the field, however, when Jesper blew his whistle, and immediately the hare wriggled out of its prison like an eel, and went back to its master at the top of its speed.

Not long after this the hare-herd had another visit. This time it was a stout old woman in the dress of a peasant, who also was after a hare to provide a dinner for unexpected visitors. Jesper again refused, but the old lady was so pressing, and would take no refusal, that at last he said: —

"Very well, you shall have a hare, and pay nothing for it either, if you will only walk round me on tiptoe, look up to the sky, and cackle like a hen."

"Fie," said she; "what a ridiculous thing to ask any one to do; just think what the neighbors would say if they saw me. They would think I have taken leave of my senses."

"Just as you like," said Jesper; "you know best whether you want the hare or not."

There was no help for it, and a pretty figure the old lady made in carrying out her task; the cackling was n't very well done,

but Jesper said it would do, and gave her the hare. As soon as she had left the field the whistle sounded again, and back came long-legs-and-ears at a marvelous speed.

The next to appear on the same errand was a fat old fellow in the dress of a groom: it was the royal livery he wore, and he plainly thought a good deal of himself.

"Young man," said he, "I want one of those hares; name your price, but I *must* have one of them."

"All right," said Jesper; "you can have one at an easy rate. Just stand on your head, whack your heels together, and cry 'Hurrah!' and the hare is yours."

"Eh, what!" said the old fellow; "*Me* stand on my head; what an idea!"

"Oh, very well," said Jesper, "you need n't unless you like, you know; but then you won't get the hare."

It went very much against the grain, one could see, but after some efforts the old fellow had his head on the grass and his heels in the air; the whacking and the "Hurrah" were rather feeble, but Jesper was not very exacting, and the hare was handed over. Of course, it was n't long in coming back again, like the others.

Evening came, and home came Jesper

with the hundred hares behind him. Great was the wonder over all the palace, and the King and Queen seemed very much put out, but it was noticed that the Princess actually smiled at Jesper.

"Well, well," said the King; "you have done that very well, indeed. If you are as successful with a little task which I shall give you to-morrow, we shall consider the matter settled, and you shall marry the Princess."

Next day it was announced that the task would be performed in the great hall of the palace, and every one was invited to come and witness it. The King and Queen sat on their thrones, with the Princess beside them, and the lords and ladies were all round the hall. At a sign from the King, two servants carried in a large empty tub, which they set down in the open space before the throne, and Jesper was told to stand beside it.

"Now," said the King, "you must tell us as many undoubted truths as will fill that tub, or you can't have the Princess."

"But how are we to know when the tub is full?" said Jesper.

"Don't you trouble about that," said the King; "that's my part of the business."

This seemed to everybody present rather

unfair, but no one liked to be the first to say so, and Jesper had to put the best face he could on the matter, and begin his story.

"Yesterday," he said, "when I was herding the hares, there came to me a girl in a shabby dress, and begged me to give her one of them. She got the hare, but she had to give me a kiss for it; *and that girl was the Princess.* Is n't that true?" said he, looking at her.

The Princess blushed and looked very uncomfortable, but had to admit that it was true.

"That has n't filled much of the tub," said the King. "Go on again."

"After that," said Jesper, "a stout old woman, in a peasant's dress, came and begged for a hare. Before she got it, she had to walk round me on tiptoe, turn up her eyes, and cackle like a hen, *and that old woman was the Queen.* Is n't that true, now?"

The Queen turned very red and hot, but could n't deny it.

"H-m," said the King; "that is something, but the tub is n't full yet." To the Queen he whispered, "I did n't think you would be such a fool."

"What did *you* do?" she whispered in return.

"Do you suppose I would do anything for *him?*" said the King; and then hurriedly ordered Jesper to go on.

"In the next place," said Jesper," there came a fat old fellow on the same errand. He was very proud and dignified, but in order to get the hare he actually stood on his head, whacked his heels together, and cried 'Hurrah!'—*and that old fellow was the* —"

"Stop! Stop!" shouted the King; "you need n't say another word; the tub is full."

Then all the court applauded, and the King and Queen accepted Jesper as their son-in-law, and the Princess was very well pleased, for by this time she had quite fallen in love with him, because he was so handsome and so clever. When the old King got time to think it over, he was quite convinced that his kingdom would be safe in Jesper's hands if he looked after the people as well as he herded the hares.

ANDREW LANG. (*A Scandinavian folk-tale.*)

HOW THE JELLYFISH LOST HIS BONES

IT was the King of the Weirds, and he sat in a tower of his castle. And all around him on the walls the Weirds stood and wept, and

on the tallest turret the black crow sat and said, "Caw, caw, caw!" And the castle stood by the shore of the sea, and the King looked far over the waves to the Monkeys' Island. And the Prince of the Weirds, the King's little boy, lay in his trundle-bed by the throne and moaned all the time. And the Prince was very sick, for he had eaten the green fruit from the jujube tree, and there was nothing could save him but a monkey's liver. And the Weirds all wept as they stood on the walls of the castle, and the black crow on the turret said, "Caw, caw!" And the Prince could not play with his live toy soldiers, or his golden popgun, or his sugar dog Tiny, but lay on his bed and moaned and cried for monkey's liver.

So the King pounded on the floor with his scepter and called, "*What ho!*" Then he sent to the shore for his favorite jellyfish, who ran on errands for him in the sea just as the black crow ran on errands in the air. The jellyfish came up from the water and touched his hat to the King, and said, "What does Your Majesty command?"

Now in these days the jellyfish was a sure-enough fish. And it had head and tail and fins enough to swim with, and a place where it could fold them up when it wanted to walk

out on the beach. For the jellyfish had legs, too, and could walk, and he wore a hat and carried a sword by his side, and he looked like a little soldier when he stood on shore. And the Prince liked to play with the jellyfish, and they dug holes in the sand together and made sand-pies and sometimes they went wading in the surf.

So the jellyfish came walking up the stairs with his sword by his side and his fins nicely folded in the sheath down his back. And the King said, "What ho! You must swim away across the sea to the Monkeys' Island, and bring me a monkey with his liver in."

And the jellyfish touched his hat, and shook out his fins and ran down the stairs to the sea and swam away and away, just as the King had told him. And the Weirds all watched him while he swam, and the tears ran down their faces, and the black crow on the turret said, "Caw, caw!"

When the jellyfish came to the Monkeys' Island, he saw a monkey sitting on the limb of a tree. And the monkey looked pleased, for he had never seen a jellyfish before, and he was very tired of living with the monkey people and seeing nobody but monkeys, monkeys, monkeys everywhere, just like a great menagerie. So the jellyfish said, "Come,

monkey, don't you want to go out for a sail on the water? Come to the land of Weirds with me and I will show you the King and the castle and the little Prince of the Weirds, and the crow that says 'Caw' on the turret."

"All right," said the monkey, and he climbed down the tree in two jumps, and took the jellyfish by the hand, for jellyfishes had arms and hands in those days as well as legs and fins and bones and everything.

And the jellyfish told the monkey to get on his back. Then he spread his fins and leaped into the sea. Away they went, over the waves till they came to the shore by the King's castle. And all the Weirds stood up and looked at them, and the crow said, "Caw, caw! Beware, O monkey, with your liver in." So the jellyfish shook off the salt water, and dusted the sand from his feet, and folded his wet fins. Then he took the monkey by the arm, and arm in arm they went up the marble stairs to the throne of the King of the Weirds.

"What ho!" said the King, "and have you brought me the monkey with the liver in?"

Then he called to the chief cook to come in and carve the monkey, and the cook came in and sharpened his knife on a stone.

Then the monkey was scared, and he ran up the wall and sat on the top of the throne chattering away to himself and shivering as if he were cold.

And the King could not understand him, and said, "What ho! O monkey! what is this you say?"

And the monkey got his voice again, for in those days all the animals could talk. That was before there were so many little children to do the talking for all. And the monkey said, "I am so sorry, O great King. My liver is so heavy that I always leave it at home when I go visiting. It is over on the Monkeys' Island hanging on the limb of the tree where I have my home. Oh, if you had only told me, then I would have brought it along, and His Highness the Prince would have been well again." Then the monkey said, "Woe is me!" And the Weirds all wept and the crow said, "Caw, caw!"

And the King said, "What ho, O jellyfish! take the monkey home and bring his liver only back with you."

So away they swam again to the Monkeys' Island, and the monkey clung tight to the jellyfish and shivered as he chattered to himself in a language the jellyfish could not understand.

When they came to the shore the monkey ran swiftly up the tree and climbed on the long branch. "Woe is me!" he called to the jellyfish; "I am undone and all is lost. My liver is gone. Some one has stolen it. And what will the poor Prince do?" Then he chattered away to himself, and softly opened and closed one eye to let a tear fall from it, and it dropped down on the nose of the jellyfish.

And the monkey chattered again, and all the other monkeys heard him and ran away, and each one took his liver with him, so the jellyfish could not find a liver anywhere.

In the castle of the Weirds the King sat and gnashed his teeth, and said: "What ho!" when he saw the jellyfish swimming back alone. And the Weirds all wept again, and the sick Prince groaned and the black crow said, "Caw, caw! Beware of the monkey, O King, beware!"

When the jellyfish came up from the beach and entered the castle gate, the King went out to meet him. He threw down his scepter as he stepped off the throne. He picked up his umbrella which was standing in the hall, and he pounded the jellyfish with it until he broke every bone in his body. Then

he beat him again till he had n't any fins, or any bones, or any tail, or any legs, or anything else in him but just jelly.

Ever since then all the jellyfishes there are in all the seas have been just as he was when the King had finished with him. They all swim about in the water without a bone in their body, without any fins, or any tail, or any legs. Because their legs are all pounded to jelly, they never walk out on the land, but swim around in the sea. And they open and shut themselves just like an umbrella, because it was an umbrella that the King took when he beat the first jellyfish all to fine jelly and made a sure-enough jellyfish out of him.

After a Japanese tale, translated by
A. H. CHAMBERLAIN.

THE RED ETTIN

THERE was once a poor widow who had three sons. She lived in a small village where there was little to earn and little enough for young men of enterprise to do, and so the eldest thought it was time to set out into the world to earn his fortune.

So he told his mother, and she said she would give him a cake to take with him

upon his travels, for she had nothing else to give him except her blessing.

She gave her son a can, and told him to go to the well and fill it with water, and according to the quantity he brought, so large or small would his cake be.

So the lad went to the well and filled the can with water to the brim, and then came home again; but unluckily for him the can leaked, and so, by the time he gave it to his mother, there was very little water left in it.

The widow made a cake with meal and water and baked it, but it was a very small one; but small as it was she asked him if he would share it with her and his brothers and take her blessing with his half, or take the whole and receive no blessing with it.

The young man thought he was very clever and he said to himself: "Now I may have to travel a long, long way, and I know not how I may obtain any other provisions besides this cake, for I have no money in my pocket. Surely it were better to take the whole cake and make shift to do without my mother's blessing. She has blessed us often enough, but it has profited us nothing."

He therefore told his mother he would take the whole cake and do without her blessing.

The old woman only sighed and bade him go. But before doing so he called his brother aside and gave him his knife, telling him to look at it morning and evening, and, so long as it was bright and unspotted, he would know that all went well with him, but if it should rust, then he would know that his brother was in danger.

Then he set out without his mother's blessing, though he might have known no good would come of that.

For two days he traveled without meeting any one. But on the third day he met a shepherd with a flock of sheep and, as he was wearying for the sound of his own voice, he asked the man to whom the sheep belonged.

The man looked up and replied in a very curious manner. Said he: —

"The Red Ettin of Ireland
  Once lived in Ballygan,
And stole King Malcolm's daughter,
  The King of fair Scotland.
He beats her, he binds her,
  He lays her on a band;
And every day he strikes her
  With a bright silver wand.
Like Julian the Roman,
  He's one that fears no man.

It's said there's *one* predestinate
To be his mortal foe;
But sure that man is yet unborn
And long may it be so."

The young man paid very little heed to these words, thinking the shepherd must be foolish. But very soon he met an old man minding a herd of swine, and when, just for the sake of speaking to him, he asked whose swine they were, the old man replied in the same curious verse. So he went his way and presently he met a *very* old man, who was herding goats, and he asked him to whom the goats belonged: —

"To the Red Ettin," replied the old man, and then he too recited the same curious verse.

As the young man was about to pass on his way, the old man called him back and warned him to beware of the next herd of beasts he met, for they would be different from any animals he had ever seen before.

The young man said he was not afraid of any beast in the world. But it was an idle boast, and before long he was very much afraid, indeed, for when he reached a green, grassy hill he saw a number of most terrible creatures grazing.

Every beast had two heads and four horns,

and as soon as they saw the young man they came charging down the hill toward him.

Well, he ran as he had never run before, with the terrible beasts close behind him, and glad enough he was when he saw a castle before him, upon the summit of another hill.

He ran as fast as he could to the castle door, and as it stood open, he went in and saw an old woman sitting beside the kitchen fire.

He asked her if she would give him shelter for the night; but she shook her head and told him he had come to the wrong place, for that the castle belonged to the Red Ettin, who was a fearful beast with three heads, who never spared any living man he came across.

The young man would have gone away quickly enough, you may be sure, but he was afraid of the beasts outside, and so begged the old woman to hide him, and not tell the Red Ettin he was there.

He thought if only he could have a night's rest and a good meal, he would manage to get up early in the morning and creep away before any of the terrible beasts were astir.

But he had not long been hidden away when the awful Red Ettin came in, and at once he sniffed the air and cried out: —

"Snouk but and snouk ben,
I scent the smell of an earthly man;
Be he living, or be he dead,
His heart this night shall kitchen my bread."

"Kitchen" is the old-fashioned word for "season," and you can think how the poor young man trembled when he heard this threat. In another moment the monster scented him out and drew him from his hiding-place.

He did not devour him, for he had already taken his supper, and he told him that he would let him go free if he could answer three riddles that he asked him.

But the young man had never been good at riddles and he was so frightened now that he could not think of anything to answer, and so the Red Ettin took his club, knocked him on the head, and turned him into a pillar of stone.

The morning after this happened, the second brother looked at the knife his brother had given him and was very much grieved to find it covered with rust, so that he was sure his brother had met with some terrible misfortune, and he determined to set out at once and try to find out what had happened to him.

He told his mother of his determination, and she told him to take the can to the well

and fetch water, and according to the amount of water he brought, she would bake him a cake large or small.

The can still leaked and so the water began to run out; but a raven called him when he had carried the can a little way, and told him what was happening, so he tried to stop the leak with his cap, but a good deal of the water had run out before he did so, and there was only sufficient left to make a moderate-sized cake.

When it was baked his mother asked him if he would be content to share his cake with her and his brother and take her blessing with his half, or if he would sooner take the whole cake without her blessing. But the second son thought, as his elder brother had done, that if he were to travel far he would have need of the whole of his cake, and decided to do without his mother's blessing.

But everything happened to him as it had happened to his elder brother: he met the shepherd, the swineherd, and the goatherd, and they all repeated the same curious verse to him. He saw the two-headed beasts upon the grassy hill and took shelter from them in the castle of the Red Ettin, and was found by the monster, and turned into a pillar of stone.

He had given his knife to his little brother Jock and told him that so long as the blade was bright and shining, all would be well with him, but that if the blade turned rusty he would most certainly be in great danger.

So Jock, on seeing the rust upon the blade of his brother's knife, knew that all was not well with him and determined to go in search of both his brothers.

He told his mother, and she said she would bake him a cake to take upon his journey; but he must first take the can to the well and fetch water to mix it, and according to the quantity of water he brought the cake would be large or small.

He had just filled the can at the well when a raven called out to him to look how the water was leaking from the can, so the young man at once emptied the can, stopped the holes in it with clay, and then refilled it with water, so that he brought it home without losing a drop, and his mother baked a very large cake. Then she asked him, as she had asked his brothers, whether he would sooner have half the cake with her blessing, or set out upon his journey with the whole cake and no blessing.

Jock was very fond of his mother, and so

he said he would prefer half the cake and her blessing, and when the cake was divided it was as large as his brothers' whole cakes had been.

His mother kissed and blessed him, and he set out with a light heart. Before long he met an old, old woman who stopped him and begged for a morsel of his cake of bread, as she was very hungry.

The good-natured youth broke the cake in two and gave her half, and in return she gave him the stick upon which she was leaning, telling him it would prove a magic wand and help him in time of danger. Then she stood upright and walked away quite briskly without the aid of her stick, so the youth guessed she was a fairy.

He went a little farther on his way and met the shepherd herding his sheep.

"Good-day to you," said he; "those are fine sheep, whose may they be?"

The man told him they belonged to the Red Ettin, and on Jock's inquiring who he might be, the man looked at him very curiously and replied: —

"The Red Ettin of Ireland
Once lived in Ballygan,
And stole King Malcolm's daughter,
The King of fair Scotland.

He beats her, he binds her,
He lays her on a band;
And every day he strikes her
With a bright silver wand.
Like Julian the Roman,
He's one that fears no man.
But now I see his end is near
And destiny at hand;
And you're to be, I plainly see,
The heir of all his land!"

The youth went on, wondering very much about the Red Ettin and thinking how dearly he would love to reseue the King of Seotland's daughter, who was suffering so much at his hands. Presently he met the swineherd, and, on inquiring whose swine he was herding, received the same reply the shepherd had given him. Farther on he met the goatherd, and he also gave him the same reply.

When he reached the green, grassy hill and saw the terrible two-headed beasts, instead of running away when they ran roaring toward him, he struck at them with the old woman's stick and instantly they fell dead at his feet.

He came to the castle presently and went in, and found the old woman sitting beside the kitchen fire.

She told him to begone and warned him

PATTEN
WILSON

of the sad fate his brothers had met, and assured him that when the Red Ettin came home he would fare no better than they had done.

But Jock was not to be daunted.

As soon as the monster came in, he sniffed around and said: —

"Snouk but, snouk ben,
I scent the smell of an earthly man;
Be he living or be he dead,
His heart this night shall kitchen my bread."

Of course, he very speedily found the young man and bade him come out of his hiding-place. Then he told him he would spare his life if he could guess three riddles that he put to him, and no sooner did he ask them than Jock placed the magic stick to his ear and it whispered the answers.

I cannot tell you what the riddles were, but I am quite sure they were very difficult ones, because no one has ever been able to remember them.

As soon as the riddles had been answered, the Red Ettin's power was gone and he fell groveling at Jock's feet, begging for mercy, but Jock took an axe and chopped all his three heads off at a blow, and there was an end of *him*. Then he asked the old woman

where the King of Scotland's daughter was imprisoned, and she led him along many passages and up and down many stairs until they came to a dark dungeon, and when Jock opened the door he found the King of Scotland's daughter.

She was more beautiful than the day and so grateful to Jock for delivering her that he fell in love with her there and then.

There were numbers of others besides the King's daughter shut up in the castle and Jock set them all free.

Last of all the woman led him into a hall where there were two stone pillars, and no sooner had he touched the pillars with his wand than they turned into his two lost brothers.

The next day they all set out for the King of Scotland's court, and when they reached it and the Princess told her father that it was Jock who had rescued her from the terrible Red Ettin, he said that he should wed her if he wished to.

Jock was only too delighted to be a king's son-in-law, and besides that he had fallen in love with the Princess, and so, as she was quite willing, they were married the same day.

His two brothers married two beautiful

court ladies who brought them large estates. Jock did not forget his old mother, but had her to live with him in his castle and made her happy all the days of her life.

THE WATER OF LIFE

Once upon a time there was an old king who had a faithful servant. There was nobody in the whole world like him, and this was why: around his wrist he wore an armlet that fitted as close as the skin. There were words on the golden band. On one side they said: —

> "Who thinks to wear me on his arm
> Must lack both guile and thought of harm."

And on the other side they said: —

> "I am for only one, and he
> Shall be as strong as ten can be."

At last the old King felt that his end was near, and he called the faithful servant to him and besought him to serve and aid the young King who was to come as he had served and aided the old King who was to go. The faithful servant promised that which was asked, and then the old King closed his eyes and folded his hands and went the way

that those had traveled who had gone before him.

Well, one day a stranger came to that town from over the hills and far away. With him he brought a painted picture, but it was all covered with a curtain so that nobody could see what it was.

He drew aside the curtain and showed the picture to the young King, and it was a likeness of the most beautiful Princess in the whole world; for her eyes were as black as a crow's wing, her cheeks were as red as apples, and her skin as white as snow. Moreover, the picture was so natural that it seemed as though it had nothing to do but to open its lips and speak.

The young King just sat and looked and looked. "Oh, me!" said he, "I will never rest content until I have such a one as that for my own."

"Then listen!" said the stranger; "this is a likeness of the Princess that lives over beyond the three rivers. Awhile ago she had a wise bird on which she doted, for it knew everything that happened in the world, so that it could tell the Princess whatever she wanted to know. But now the bird is dead, and the Princess does nothing but grieve for it day and night. She keeps the dead bird in a

glass casket, and has promised to marry whoever will bring a cup of water from the Fountain of Life, so that the bird may be brought back to life again."

That was the story the stranger told, and then he jogged on the way he was going, and I, for one, do not know whither it led.

But the young King had no peace or comfort in life thinking of the Princess who lived over beyond the three rivers. At last he called the faithful servant to him. "And can you not," said he, "get me a cup of the Water of Life?"

"I know not, but I will try," said the faithful servant, for he bore in mind what he had promised to the old King.

So out he went into the wide world, to seek for what the young King wanted, though the way there is both rough and thorny. On he went and on, until his shoes were dusty, and his feet were sore, and after a while he came to the end of the earth, and there was nothing more over the hill. There he found a little tumble-down hut, and within the hut sat an old, old woman with a distaff, spinning a lump of flax.

"Good-morning, mother," said the faithful servant.

"Good-morning, my son," said the old

woman; "and where are you traveling that you have come so far?"

"Oh!" said the faithful servant, "I am hunting for the Water of Life, and have come as far as this without finding a drop of it."

"Hoity, toity," says the old woman; "if that is what you are after, you have a long way to go yet. The fountain is in the country that lies east of the Sun and west of the Moon, and it is few that have gone there and come back again, I can tell you. Besides that, there is a great dragon that keeps watch over the water, and you will have to get the better of him before you can touch a drop of it. All the same, if you have made up your mind to go, you may stay here until my sons come home, and perhaps they can put you in the way of getting there, for I am mother of the Four Winds of Heaven, and it is few places that they have not seen."

So the faithful servant came in and sat down by the fire to wait till the Winds came home.

The first that came was the East Wind; but he knew nothing of the Water of Life and the land that lay east of the Sun and West of the Moon; he had heard folks talk of them both now and then, but he had never seen them with his own eyes.

The next that came was the South Wind, but he knew no more than his brother, and neither did the West Wind for the matter of that.

Last of all came the North Wind, and dear, dear, what a hubbub he made outside of the door, stamping the dust off his feet before he came into the house.

"And do you know where the Fountain of Life is, and the country that lies east of the Sun and west of the Moon?" said the old woman.

Oh, yes, the North Wind knew where it was. He had been there once upon a time, but it was a long, long distance away.

"So, good! Then perhaps you will give this lad a lift over there to-morrow," said the old woman.

At this the North Wind grumbled and shook his head; but at last he said "yes"; for he is a good-hearted fellow at bottom, is the North Wind, though his ways are a trifle rough, perhaps.

So the next morning he took the faithful servant on his back, and away he flew till the man's hair whistled behind him. On they went and on they went and on they went, until at last they came to the country that lay east of the Sun and west of the Moon; and they were none too soon getting there either,

I can tell you, for when the North Wind tumbled the faithful servant off his back he was so weak that he could not have lifted a feather.

"Thank you," said the faithful servant, and then he was for starting away to find what he came for.

"Stop a bit," says the North Wind; "you will be wanting to come away again after a while. I cannot wait here, for I have other business to look after. But here is a feather; when you want me, cast it into the air, and I will not be long in coming."

Then away he bustled, for he had caught his breath again, and time was none too long for him.

The faithful servant walked along a great distance until, by and by, he came to a field covered all over with sharp rocks and white bones, for he was not the first by many who had been that way for a cup of the Water of Life.

There lay the great fiery dragon in the sun, sound asleep, and so the faithful servant had time to look about him. Not far away was a great deep trench like a drain in a swampy field; that was a path that the dragon had made by going to the river for a drink of water every day. The faithful servant dug a

hole in the bottom of this trench, and there he hid himself as snugly as a cricket in the crack in the kitchen floor. By and by the dragon awoke and found that he was thirsty, and then started down to the river to get a drink. The faithful servant lay as still as a mouse until the dragon was just above where he was hidden; then he thrust his sword through its heart and there it lay, after a turn or two, as dead as a stone.

After that he had only to fill the cup at the Fountain, for there was nobody to say nay to him. Then he cast the feather into the air, and there was the North Wind, as fresh and as sound as ever. The North Wind took him upon its back, and away it flew until it came home again.

The faithful servant thanked them all around, — the Four Winds and the old woman, — and as they would take nothing else, he gave them a few drops of the Water of Life, and that is the reason that the Four Winds and their mother are as fresh and young as they were when the world began.

Then the faithful servant set off home again, right foot foremost, and he was not as long in getting there as in coming.

As soon as the King saw the cup of the Water of Life he had the horses saddled,

and off he and the faithful servant rode to find the Princess who lived over beyond the three rivers. By and by they came to the town, and there was the Princess mourning and grieving over her bird just as she had done from the first. But when she heard that the King had brought the Water of Life she welcomed him as though he were a flower in March.

They sprinkled a few drops upon the dead bird, and up it sprang as lively and as well as ever.

But now, before the Princess would marry the King she must have a talk with the bird, and there came the hitch, for the Wise Bird knew as well as you and I that it was not the King who had brought the Water of Life.

"Go and tell him," said the Wise Bird, "that you are ready to marry him as soon as he saddles and bridles the Wild Black Horse in the forest over yonder, for if he is the hero who found the Water of Life he can do that and more easily enough."

The Princess did as the bird told her, and so the King missed getting what he wanted after all. But off he went to the faithful servant.

"And can you not saddle and bridle the Wild Black Horse for me?" said he.

"I do not know," said the faithful servant, "but I will try."

So off he went to the forest to hunt up the Wild Black Horse, the saddle over his shoulder and the bridle over his arm. By and by came the Wild Black Horse galloping through the woods like a thunder gust in summer, so that the ground shook under his feet. But the faithful servant was ready for him; he caught him by the mane and forelock, and the Wild Black Horse had never had such a one to catch hold of him before.

But how they did stamp and wrestle! Up and down and here and there, until the fire flew from the stones under their feet. But the Wild Black Horse could not stand against the strength of ten men, such as the faithful servant had, so by and by he fell on his knees, and the faithful servant clapped the saddle on his back and slipped the bridle over his ears.

"Listen, now," says he; "to-morrow my master, the King, will ride you up to the Princess's house, and if you do not do just as I tell you, it will be the worse for you; when the King mounts upon your back you must stagger and groan, as though you carried a mountain."

The horse promised to do as the other bade, and then the faithful servant jumped on his back and away to the King, who had been waiting at home for all this time.

The next day the King rode up to the Princess's castle, and the Wild Black Horse did just as the faithful servant told him to do; he staggered and groaned, so that everybody cried out, "Look at the great hero riding upon the Wild Black Horse!"

And when the Princess saw him she also thought that he was a great hero. But the Wise Bird was of a different mind from her, for when the Princess came to talk to him about marrying the King he shook his head.

"No, no," said he, "there is something wrong here, and the King has baked his cake in somebody else's oven. He never saddled and bridled the Wild Black Horse by himself. Listen; you must say to him that you will marry nobody but the man who wears such and such a golden armlet with this and that written on it."

So the Princess told the King what the Wise Bird had bidden her to say, and the King went straightway to the faithful servant.

"You must let me have your armlet," said he.

"Alas, master," said the faithful servant, "that is a woeful thing for me, for the one and only way to take the armlet off my wrist is to cut my hand from off my body."

"So!" says the King, "that is a great pity,

but the Princess will not have me without the armlet."

"Then you shall have it," says the faithful servant. But the King had to cut the hand off, for the faithful servant could not do it himself.

But, bless your heart! the armlet was ever so much too large for the King to wear! Nevertheless, he tied it to his wrist with a bit of ribbon, and off he marched to the Princess's castle.

"Here is the armlet of gold," said he; "and now will you marry me?"

But the Wise Bird sat on the Princess's chair. "Hut! tut!" says he, "it does not fit the man."

Yes, that was so; everybody who was there could see it easily enough; and as for marrying him, the Princess would marry nobody but the man who could wear the armlet.

What a hubbub there was then! Every one who was there was sure that the armlet would fit him if it fitted nobody else. But no; it was far too large for the best of them.

The faithful servant was very sad, and stood back of the rest, over by the wall, with his arm tied up in a napkin.

"You shall try it too," says the Princess; but the faithful servant only shook his head,

for he could not try it on as the rest had done, because he had no hand.

But the Wise Bird was there and knew what he was about. "See now," says he, "maybe the Water of Life will cure one thing as well as another."

Yes, that was true, and one was sent to fetch the cup. They sprinkled it on the faithful servant's arm, and it was not twice they had to do it, for there was another hand as good and better than the old.

Then they gave him the armlet; he slipped it over his hand, and it fitted him like his own skin.

"This is the man for me," says the Princess, "and I will have none other." For she could see with half an eye that he was the hero who had been doing all the wonderful things that had happened, because he said nothing about himself.

As for the King — why, all that was left for him to do was to pack off home again; and I, for one, am glad of it.

And this is true: the best packages are not always wrapped up in blue paper and tied with a gay string, and there are better men in the world than kings and princes, fine as they seem to be.

HOWARD PYLE.

THE HUSBAND WHO WAS TO MIND THE HOUSE

Once on a time there was a man so mean and cross that he never thought his wife did anything right in the house. So one evening in haymaking time he came home scolding and tearing, and showing his teeth and making a fuss.

"Dear love, don't be so angry; there's a good man," said his goody; "to-morrow let's change our work. I'll go out with the mowers and mow, and you shall mind the house at home."

The husband thought that would do very well. He was quite willing, he said.

So, early next morning, his goody took a scythe on her shoulders, and went out into the hayfield with the mowers, and began to mow; but the man was to mind the house and do the work at home.

First of all he wanted to churn the butter; but when he had churned a while, he grew thirsty and went down to the cellar to tap a barrel of ale. So, just when he was putting the tap into the cask, he heard overhead the pig come into the kitchen. Then off he ran up the cellar stairs, with the tap in his hand, as fast as he could to look after the pig, lest it should

upset the churn. But when he got up, and saw the pig had already knocked the churn over and stood there grunting and rooting in the cream which was running all over the floor, he became so wild with rage, that he quite forgot the ale barrel, and ran at the pig as hard as he could.

He caught it, too, just as it ran out of doors, and gave it such a kick that piggy died on the spot. Then all at once he remembered he had the tap in his hand; but when he got down to the cellar, every drop of ale had run out of the cask.

Then he went into the dairy and found enough cream left to fill the churn again, and so he began to churn, for butter they must have at dinner. When he had churned a bit, he remembered that their milking cow was still shut up in its stall, and had not had a mouthful to eat or a drop to drink all the morning, though the sun was high. Then he thought it too far to take her down to the meadow, so he'd just get her up on the house-top, for the house, you must know, was thatched with sods, and a fine crop of grass was growing there. Now their house lay close up against a steep rock, and he thought if he laid a plank across to the roof at the back, he'd easily get the cow up.

But still he could not leave the churn, for there was their little babe crawling about the floor, and "If I leave it," he thought, "the child is sure to upset it."

So he took the churn on his back and went out with it. Then he thought he'd better water the cow before he turned her out on the thatch, and he took up a bucket to draw water out of the well. But, as he stooped down at the brink of the well, all the cream ran out of the churn over his shoulders, about his neck, and down into the well.

Now it was near dinner-time, and he had not even got butter yet. So he thought he'd best boil the porridge, and he filled the pot with water, and hung it over the fire. When he had done that, he thought the cow might perhaps fall off the thatch and break her legs or her neck. So he got up on the house to tie her up. One end of the rope he made fast to the cow's neck, and the other he slipped down the chimney and tied round his own waist. He had to make haste, for the water now began to boil in the pot, and he had still to grind the oatmeal.

So he began to grind away; but while he was hard at it, down fell the cow off the house-top after all, and as she fell she dragged the man up the chimney by the rope. There he

stuck fast. And as for the cow, she hung halfway down the wall, swinging between heaven and earth, for she could neither get down nor up.

And now the goody had waited seven lengths and seven breadths for her husband to come and call them home to dinner, but never a call they had. At last she thought she'd waited long enough and went home.

When she got there and saw the cow hanging in such an ugly place, she ran up and cut the rope in two with her scythe. But as she did this, down came her husband out of the chimney, and so when his old dame came inside the kitchen, there she found him standing on his head in the porridge pot.

GUDRUN THORNE-THOMSEN.

CHILDE ROWLAND

CHILDE ROWLAND and his brothers twain
  Were playing at the ball,
And there was their sister, Burd Ellen,
  In the midst, among them all.

Childe Rowland kicked it with his foot
  And caught it with his knee;
At last as he plunged among them all
  O'er the church he made it flee.

Burd Ellen round about the aisle
To seek the ball is gone,
But long they waited, and longer still,
And she came not back again.

They sought her east, they sought her west,
They sought her up and down,
And woe were the hearts of those brethren,
For she was not to be found.

So at last her eldest brother went to the Warlock Merlin and told him all the case, and asked him if he knew where Burd Ellen was.

"The fair Burd Ellen," said the Warlock Merlin, "must have been carried off by the fairies, because she went round the church 'widershins' — the opposite way to the sun. She is now in the Dark Tower of the King of Elfland; it would take the boldest knight in Christendom to bring her back."

"If it is possible to bring her back," said her brother, "I'll do it, or perish in the attempt."

"Possible it is," said the Warlock Merlin, "but woe to the man or mother's son that attempts it, if he is not well taught beforehand what he is to do."

The eldest brother of Burd Ellen was not to be put off by any fear of danger from attempting to get her back, so he begged the Warlock

Merlin to tell him what he should do, and what he should not do, in going to seek his sister. And after he had been taught, and had repeated his lesson, he set out for Elfland.

But long they waited, and longer still,
With doubt and muckle pain,
But woe were the hearts of his brethren,
For he came not back again.

Then the second brother got tired and tired of waiting, and he went to the Warlock Merlin and asked him the same as his brother. So he set out to find Burd Ellen.

But long they waited, and longer still,
With muckle doubt and pain,
And woe were his mother's and brother's heart,
For he came not back again.

And when they had waited and waited a good long time, Childe Rowland, the youngest of Burd Ellen's brothers, wished to go, and went to his mother, the good Queen, to ask her to let him go. But she would not at first, for he was the last and dearest of her children, and if he were lost, all would be lost. But he begged, and he begged, till at last the good Queen let him go, and gave him his father's good brand that never struck in vain, and

as she girt it round his waist, she said the spell that would give it victory.

So Childe Rowland said good-bye to the good Queen, his mother, and went to the cave of the Warlock Merlin. "Once more, and but once more," he said to the Warlock, "tell how man or mother's son may rescue Burd Ellen and her brothers twain."

"Well, my son," said the Warlock Merlin, "there are but two things; simple they may seem, but hard they are to do. One thing to do, and one thing not to do. And the thing to do is this: after you have entered the land of Fairy, whoever speaks to you, till you meet the Burd Ellen, you must out with your father's brand and off with his head. And what you've not to do is this: bite no bit, and drink no drop, however hungry or thirsty you be; drink a drop, or bite a bit, while in Elfland you be and never will you see Middle Earth again."

So Childe Rowland said the two things over and over again, till he knew them by heart, and he thanked the Warlock Merlin and went on his way. And he went along, and along, and along, and still farther along, till he came to the horse-herd of the King of Elfland feeding his horses. These he knew by their fiery eyes, and knew that he was at last in the land of Fairy.

"Canst thou tell me," said Childe Rowland to the horse-herd, "where the King of Elfland's Dark Tower is?"

"I cannot tell thee," said the horse-herd, "but go on a little farther and thou wilt come to the cow-herd, and he, maybe, can tell thee."

Then, without a word more, Childe Rowland drew the good brand that never struck in vain, and off went the horse-herd's head.

And Childe Rowland went on farther, till he came to the cow-herd, and asked him the same question.

"I can't tell thee," said he, "but go on a little farther, and thou wilt come to the hen-wife, and she is sure to know."

Then Childe Rowland out with his good brand that never struck in vain, and off went the cow-herd's head.

And he went on a little farther, till he came to an old woman in a gray cloak, and he asked her if she knew where the Dark Tower of the King of Elfland was.

"Go on a little farther," said the hen-wife, "till you come to a round green hill, surrounded with terrace-rings, from the bottom to the top; go round it three times, 'widershins,' and each time say: —

"'Open, door! open, door!
And let me come in,' —

and the third time the door will open, and you may go in."

And Childe Rowland was just going on, when he remembered what he had to do; so he out with the good brand that never struck in vain, and off went the hen-wife's head.

Then he went on, and on, and on, till he came to the round green hill with the terrace rings from top to bottom, and he went round it three times, "widershins," saying each time: —

"Open, door! open, door!
And let me come in."

And the third time the door did open, and he went in, and it closed with a click, and Childe Rowland was left in the dark.

It was not exactly dark, but a kind of twilight or gloaming. There were neither windows nor candles, and he could not make out where the twilight came from, if not through the walls and roof. These were rough arches made of a transparent rock, encrusted with sheepsilver and rock spar, and other bright stones. But though it was rock, the air was quite warm, as it always is in Elfland.

So he went through this passage till at last he came to two wide and high folding-doors which stood ajar. And when he opened them,

there he saw a most wonderful and glorious sight. A large and spacious hall, so large that it seemed to be as long and as broad as the green hill itself. The roof was supported by fine pillars, so large and lofty that the pillars of a cathedral were as nothing to them. They were all of gold and silver, with fretted work, and between them and around them wreaths of flowers, composed of — what do you think? Why, of diamonds and emeralds, and all manner of precious stones. And the very key-stones of the arches had for ornaments clusters of diamonds and rubies and pearls, and other precious stones. And all these arches met in the middle of the roof, and just there hung, by a gold chain, an immense lamp made out of one big pearl hollowed out and quite transparent. And in the middle of this was a huge, big carbuncle, which kept spinning round and round, and this was what gave light by its rays to the whole hall, which seemed as if the setting sun was shining on it.

The hall was furnished in a manner equally grand, and at one end of it was a glorious couch of velvet, silk, and gold, and there sat Burd Ellen, combing her golden hair with a silver comb.

And when she saw Childe Rowland she stood up and said: —

"God pity ye, poor luckless fool,
What have ye here to do?

"Hear ye this, my youngest brother,
Why did n't ye bide at home?
Had you a hundred thousand lives
Ye could n't spare any a one.

"But sit ye down; but woe, oh, woe,
That ever ye were born,
For come the King of Elfland in,
Your fortune is forlorn."

Then they sat down together, and Childe Rowland told her all that he had done, and she told him how their two brothers had reached the Dark Tower, but had been enchanted by the King of Elfland, and lay there entombed as if dead. And then, after they had talked a little longer, Childe Rowland began to feel hungry from his long travels, and told his sister Burd Ellen how hungry he was and asked for some food, forgetting all about the Warlock Merlin's warning.

Burd Ellen looked at Childe Rowland and shook her head, but she was under a spell, and could not warn him. So she rose up and went out, and soon brought back a golden basin full of bread and milk. Childe Rowland was just going to raise it to his lips, when he looked at his sister and remembered why he

had come all that way. So he dashed the bowl to the ground, and said: "Not a sup will I swallow, nor a bit will I bite, till Burd Ellen is set free."

Just at that moment they heard the noise of some one approaching, and a loud voice was heard saying: —

> "Fee, fi, fo, fum,
> I smell the blood of a Christian man,
> Be he dead, be he living, with my brand,
> I'll dash his brains from his brain-pan."

And then the folding-doors of the hall were burst open, and the King of Elfland rushed in.

"Strike, then, Bogle, if thou darest!" shouted out Childe Rowland, and rushed to meet him with his good brand that never yet did fail.

They fought, and they fought, and they fought, till Childe Rowland beat the King of Elfland down on to his knees, and caused him to yield and beg for mercy.

"I grant thee mercy," said Childe Rowland; "release my sister from thy spells and raise my brothers to life, and let us all go free, and thou shalt be spared."

"I agree," said the Elfin King. And rising up he went to a chest from which he took a phial filled with a blood-red liquor. With this

he anointed the ears, eyelids, nostrils, lips, and finger-tips of the two brothers, and they sprang at once into life, and declared that their souls had been away, but had now returned. The Elfin King then said some words to Burd Ellen, and she was disenchanted, and they all four passed out of the hall, through the long passage, and turned their backs on the Dark Tower, never to return again. So they reached home and the good Queen, their mother; and Burd Ellen never went round a church "widershins" again.

JOSEPH JACOBS.

A LEGEND OF THE MIDDLE AGES

SAINT JEROME AND THE LION

Part I

Leo Becomes a Brother

One fine morning Saint Jerome was walking briskly along the bank of the River Jordan. By his side plodded a little donkey bearing on his back an earthen jar. They had been down to the river together to get water, and were taking it back to the monastery on the hill for the monks to drink at their noonday meal.

Jerome was singing merrily, touching the stupid little donkey now and then with a twig of olive leaves to keep him from going to sleep. Suddenly Jerome heard a very strange sound. The donkey stopped suddenly, and bracing his forelegs and cocking forward his long, flappy ears, looked afraid and foolish. Jerome stopped too.

"Dear me," he said aloud, "how very strange that sounded. What do you suppose it was?" Now there was no one else near, so

he must have been talking to himself. But the donkey thought he was being spoken to, so he wagged his head, and said, "Hee-haw!" This was a very silly answer, indeed, and did not help Jerome at all.

He was about to start the donkey once more on his climb toward home, when that sound came again. This time he noticed that it was a sad sound, a sort of whining growl that ended in a sob. It sounded nearer than before, and seemed to come from the clump of bushes.

Jerome and the donkey turned their heads quickly in that direction, and the donkey trembled all over, he was so frightened. But his master only said, "It must be a lion."

And sure enough: he had hardly spoken the word when out of the bushes came poking the great head and yellow eyes of a lion. He was looking straight at Jerome. Then, giving that cry again, he bounded out and strode toward the good man, who was holding the donkey tight to keep him from running away. He was the biggest kind of a lion, much bigger than the donkey, and his mane was thick and long, and his tail had a yellow brush on the end as large as a window mop. But as he came, Jerome noticed that he limped as if he were lame.

At once the Saint was filled with pity, for he could not bear to see any creature suffer. And without any thought of fear, he went forward to meet the lion. Instead of pouncing upon him fiercely, or snarling, or making ready to eat him up, the lion crouched whining at his feet.

"Poor fellow," said Jerome, "what hurts you and makes you lame, brother lion?"

The lion shook his yellow mane and roared. But his eyes were not fierce; they were only full of pain as they looked up into those of Jerome asking for help. And then he held up his right forepaw and shook it to show that this was where the trouble lay. Jerome looked at him kindly.

"Lie down, sir," he said, just as one would speak to a big yellow dog. And obediently the lion charged.

Then the good man bent over him, and taking the great paw in his hand examined it carefully. In the soft cushion of the paw a long pointed thorn was piercing so deeply that he could hardly find the end. No wonder the poor lion had roared with pain!

Jerome pulled out the thorn as gently as he could, and though it must have hurt the lion badly he did not make a sound, but lay still as he had been told. And when the thorn was

taken out the lion licked Jerome's hand, and looked up in his face as if he would say, "Thank you, kind man. I shall not forget."

Now when the Saint had finished this good deed he went back to the donkey and started on toward the monastery. But hearing the soft pad of steps behind him he turned and saw the great yellow lion was following close at his heels. At first he was somewhat embarrassed, for he did not know how the other monks would receive this big stranger. But it did not seem polite or kind to drive him away, especially as he was still somewhat lame.

So they climbed the hill to the monastery. Some one had seen Jerome coming with this strange attendant at his heels. So the windows and doors were crowded with monks peering over one another's shoulders. But they were all on tiptoe to run back again twice as quickly if the lion should roar or lash his tail.

Now, although Jerome knew that the house was expecting every minute to see him eaten up, he did not hurry or worry at all. Leisurely he unloaded the water-jar and put the donkey in his stable, the lion following him everywhere he went. When all was finished, he turned to bid the beast good-bye. But in-

stead of taking the hint and departing as he was expected to, the lion crouched at Jerome's feet and licked his sandals. Then he looked up in the Saint's face and pawed at his coarse gown pleadingly, as if he said, "Good man, I love you because you took the thorn out of my foot. Let me stay with you always to be your watch-dog." And Jerome understood.

"Well, if you wish to stay I am willing, so long as you are good," he said. At these words the lion leaped up and roared with joy so loudly that all the monks who were watching tumbled over one another and ran away to their cells in a terrible fright.

Jerome carried the water-jar into the empty kitchen, and the lion followed. After sniffing about the place to get acquainted, just as a kitten does in its new home, the lion lay down in front of the fire and curled his head up on his paws, like the big cat he was. And so after a long sigh he went to sleep.

Then Jerome had a chance to tell the other monks all about it. At first they were timid and would not hear of keeping such a dangerous pet. But when they had all tiptoed down to the kitchen behind Jerome and had seen the big kitten asleep there so peacefully, they were not so much afraid.

"I'll tell you what we will do," said the

Abbot. "If Brother Jerome can make his friend eat porridge and herbs like the rest of us we will let him join our number. But we cannot have any flesh-eating creature among us. Some of us are too fat and tempting, I fear." And he glanced at several of the roundest monks, who shuddered in their tight gowns. But the Abbot himself was the fattest of them all, and he spoke with feeling.

So it was decided. Jerome let the lion sleep a good long nap, to put him in a fine humor. But when it came time for supper he mixed a bowl of porridge and milk and filled a big wooden platter with boiled greens. Then, taking one dish in each hand, he went up to the lion and set them in front of his nose.

"Leo, Leo, Leo!" he called coaxingly, just as a little girl would call "Kitty, Kitty, Kitty!" to her pet.

The lion lifted up his head and purred, like a small furnace, for he recognized his friend's voice. But when he smelled the dishes of food he sniffed and made a horrid face, wrinkling up his nose and saying "Ugh!" He did not like the stuff at all.

But Jerome patted him on the head and said, "You had better eat it, Leo; it is all I have myself. Share and share alike, brother."

The lion looked at him earnestly, and then

dipped his nose into the porridge with a grunt. He ate it all, and found it not so very bad. So next he tried the greens. They were a poor dessert, he thought; but he finished the dish, and then lay down on the hearth feeling very tired.

Jerome was delighted, for he had grown fond of the lion and wanted to keep him. So he hurried back to the dining-hall and showed the empty dishes to the Abbot. That settled the lion's fate. Thenceforth he became a member of the monastery. He ate with the other monks in the great hall, having his own private trencher and bowl beside Jerome. And he grew to like the mild fare of the good brothers — at least he never sought for anything different.

He slept outside the door of his master's cell and guarded the monastery like a faithful watch-dog. The monks grew fond of him and petted him so that he lived a happy life on the hill, with never a wish to go back to the desert with its thorns.

Part II

The Trial of Leo

Wherever Jerome went the lion went also. Best of all, Leo enjoyed their daily duty of drawing water from the river.

One day they had gone as usual, Jerome, the lion, and the stupid donkey who was carrying the filled jar on his back. They were jogging comfortably home, when a poor man came running out of a tiny hut near the river. He begged Jerome to come with him and try to cure his sick baby.

"Stay, brother," Jerome said to Leo; "stay and watch the foolish donkey." And he went with the man, feeling sure that the lion would be faithful.

Now Leo meant to do his duty, but it was a hot and sleepy day, and he was very tired. He lay down beside the donkey and kept one eye upon him, closing the other one just for a minute. But this is a dangerous thing to do. Before he knew it, the other eye began to wink; and the next moment Leo was sound asleep, snoring with his head on his paws. Just then there came along a thief of a camel-

driver, with a band of horses and asses. He saw the donkey grazing and he said to himself, "Aha! A fine little donkey. I will add him to my caravan and no one will be the wiser." Seizing Silly by the halter, he first cut away the water-jar, and then rode off with him as fast as he could gallop.

Now the sound of pattering feet wakened Leo. He jumped up with a roar just in time to see the camel-driver's face as he glanced back from the top of the next hill. Leo ran wildly about sniffing for the donkey; but when he found that he had really disappeared, he knew the camel-driver must have stolen him. He was terribly angry. He stood by the water-jar and roared and lashed his tail as he remembered the thief's wicked face.

Now in the midst of his rage out came Jerome. He found Leo roaring and foaming at the mouth, his red-rimmed eyes looking very fierce. And the donkey was gone — only the water-jar lay spilling on the ground. Then Jerome made a great mistake. He thought that poor Leo had grown tired of living on porridge and greens, and had tried fresh donkey-meat for a change.

"Oh, you wicked lion!" he cried, "you have eaten poor Silly. What shall I do to punish you?" Then Leo roared louder than

ever with shame and sorrow. But he could not speak to tell how it had happened.

The Saint was very sad. Tears stood in his kind eyes. "You will have to be the donkey now," he said; "you will have to do his part of the work since he is now a part of you. Come, stand up and let me fasten the water-jar upon your back." He spoke sternly and even switched Leo with his olive stick.

Leo had never been treated like this. He was King of Beasts, and it was a shame for a king to do donkey's work. His eyes flashed, and he had half a mind to refuse and to run away. Then he looked at the good man and remembered how he had taken out that cruel thorn. So he hung his head and stood still to be harnessed in the donkey's place.

Slowly and painfully Leo carried the water-jar up the hill. But worse than all it was to feel that his dear master was angry with him. Jerome told the story to the other monks, and they were even more angry than he had been, for they did not love Leo so well.

They all agreed that poor Leo must be punished; so they treated him exactly as if he were a mean, silly donkey. They gave him only oats and water to eat, and made him do all Silly's work. They would no longer let

him sleep outside his master's door, but they tied him in a lonesome stall in the stable.

It was a sad time for Leo. He was growing thinner and thinner. His mane was rough and tangled because he had no heart to keep it smooth. And there were several white hairs in his beautiful whiskers. He had been hoping that something would happen to show that it was all a mistake; but it seemed as though the world was against him, and truth was dead.

It was a sad time for Jerome, too. He still loved Leo, though he knew the lion must be punished for the dreadful deed which he was believed to have done.

One day he had to go some distance to a neighboring town to buy provisions. As usual, he took Leo with him to bring back the burden, but they did not speak all the way. Jerome had done the errands which he had come to do, and was fastening the basket on each side of the lion's back.

Suddenly the lion growled and began to lash his tail, quivering like a cat ready to spring on a mouse. A train of camels was passing at the moment, and Leo had seen at their head a mean, wicked face which he remembered. And as the last of the caravan went by, Leo caught sight of Silly himself, the missing donkey of the monastery.

At the sound of Leo's growl, Silly pricked up his ears and stood on his forelegs. Then the camel-driver came running up to see what was the matter with his stolen donkey. But when he came face to face with Leo, whose yellow eyes were glaring terribly, the thief trembled and turned pale. For he remembered the dreadful roar which had followed him that day as he had galloped across the sand holding Silly's halter.

All this time Jerome had been wondering at the lion's strange behavior. But when he saw Leo seize the donkey's bridle, he began to suspect the truth. He ran up and examined the donkey carefully.

Then Leo looked up in his face and growled softly, as if to say: —

"Here is your old donkey, safe and sound. You see I did n't eat him, after all. *That* is the real thief." Turning to the camel-driver, he showed his teeth and looked so fierce that the man hid behind a camel, crying, "Take away the lion! Kill the wicked lion!"

But Jerome seized Silly by the bridle. "This is my beast," he said, "and I shall lead him home with me. You stole him, thief, and my noble lion has found you out." And he laid his hand tenderly on Leo's head.

"He is mine! You shall not have him!"

cried the camel-driver, trying to drag the donkey away from Jerome. But with a dreadful roar, Leo sprang upon him. With his great paw he knocked him down and sat upon his stomach.

"Do not hurt him, Leo," said Jerome gently. But to the camel-driver he was very stern. "Look out, sir thief," he said, "how you steal again the donkey of an honest man. Even the yellow beasts of the desert know better than that, and will make you ashamed. Be thankful that you escape so easily."

Then he took the baskets from Leo's back and bound them upon Silly. When they were all ready to start, Jerome called Leo, and he got up from the chest of the camel-driver. There he had been sitting all this time, washing his face with his paws and smiling.

"My poor old Leo!" said Jerome, with tears in his eyes; "I have made you suffer cruelly for a crime of which you were not guilty. But I will make it up to you."

Then happily the three set out for home. All the way Jerome kept his arm about the neck of his lion, who was wild with joy because he and his dear master were friends once more.

They had a joyful reception at the monastery on the hill. Every one petted Leo and

gave him so many good things to eat that he almost burst with fatness. They made him a soft bed, and all the monks took turns in scratching his chin for ten minutes at a time, which was what Leo loved better than anything else in the world.

And so he dwelt happily with the good monks, one of the most honored brothers of the monastery. And at last after many, many years, they grew old together, and very tired and sleepy. One night Jerome lay gently down to rest, and never woke in the morning. But the great lion loved him so that when they laid him to sleep under a beautiful plane-tree in the garden, Leo lay down upon the mound moaning and grieving, and would not move. So his faithful heart broke that day, and he, too, slept forever by his dear master's side.

But this was not a sad thing that happened. For think how dreadful the days would have been for Leo without Jerome. And think how sad a life Jerome would have spent if Leo had left him first. Oh, no; it was not sad, but very, very beautiful that the dear Saint and his friendly beast could be happy together all the day, and when the long night came they could sleep together side by side in the garden.

Abbie Farwell Brown.

MODERN FAIRY TALES

THE KNIGHTS OF THE SILVER SHIELD[1]

THERE was once a splendid castle in a forest, with great stone walls and a high gateway, and turrets that rose away above the tallest trees. The forest was dark and dangerous, and many cruel giants lived in it; but in the castle was a company of knights, who were kept there by the King of the country, to help travelers who might be in the forest, and to fight with the giants whenever they could.

Each of these knights wore a beautiful suit of armor and carried a long spear, while over his helmet there floated a great red plume that could be seen a long way off by any one in distress. But the most wonderful things about the knights' armor were their shields. They were not like those of other knights, but had been made by a great magician who had lived in the castle many years before. They were made of silver, and sometimes shone in the sunlight with dazzling brightness; but at other times the surface of the shields would be

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clouded as though by a mist, and one could not see his face reflected there as he could when they shone brightly.

Now, when each knight received his spurs and his armor, a new shield was also given him from among those that the magician had made; and when the shield was new its surface was always cloudy and dull. But as the knight began to do service against the giants, or went on expeditions to help poor travelers in the forest, his shield grew brighter and brighter, so that he could see his face clearly reflected in it. But if he proved to be a lazy or cowardly knight, and let the giants get the better of him, or did not care what became of the travelers, then the shield grew more and more cloudy, until the knight became ashamed to carry it.

But this was not all. When any one of the knights fought a particularly hard battle and won the victory, or when he went on some hard errand for the lord of the castle and was successful, not only did his silver shield grow brighter, but when one looked into the center of it he could see something like a golden star shining in its very heart. This was the greatest honor that a knight could achieve, and the other knights always spoke of such a one as having "won his star." It was usually not

till he was pretty old and tried as a soldier that he could win it. At the time when this story begins, the lord of the castle himself was the only one of the knights whose shield bore the golden star.

There came a time when the worst of the giants in the forest gathered themselves together to have a battle against the knights. They made a camp in a dark hollow not far from the castle, and gathered all their best warriors together, and all the knights made ready to fight them. The windows of the castle were closed and barred; the air was full of the noise of armor being made ready for use; and the knights were so excited that they could scarcely rest or eat.

Now there was a young knight in the castle, named Sir Roland, who was among those most eager for the battle. He was a splendid warrior, with eyes that shone like stars whenever there was anything to do in the way of knightly deeds. And though he was still quite young, his shield had begun to shine enough to show plainly that he had done bravely in some of his errands through the forest. This battle, he thought, would be the great opportunity of his life. And on the morning of the day when they were to go forth to it, and all the knights assembled in

the great hall of the castle to receive the commands of their leaders, Sir Roland hoped that he would be put in the most dangerous place of all, so that he could show what knightly stuff he was made of.

But when the lord of the castle came to him, as he went about in full armor giving his commands, he said: "One brave knight must stay behind and guard the gateway of the castle, and it is you, Sir Roland, being one of the youngest, whom I have chosen for this."

At these words Sir Roland was so disappointed that he bit his lip, and closed his helmet over his face so that the other knights might not see it. For a moment he felt as if he must reply angrily to the commander, and tell him that it was not right to leave so sturdy a knight behind, when he was eager to fight. But he struggled against this feeling, and went quietly to look after his duties at the gate. The gateway was high and narrow, and was reached from outside by a high, narrow bridge that crossed the moat which surrounded the castle on every side. When an enemy approached, the knight on guard rang a great bell just inside the gate, and the bridge was drawn up against the castle wall, so that no one could come across the moat.

So the giants had long ago given up trying to attack the castle itself.

To-day the battle was to be in the dark hollow in the forest, and it was not likely that there would be anything to do at the castle gate, except to watch it like a common door-keeper. It was not strange that Sir Roland thought some one else might have done this.

Presently all the other knights marched out in their flashing armor, their red plumes waving over their heads, and their spears in their hands. The lord of the castle stopped only to tell Sir Roland to keep guard over the gate until they all returned, and to let no one enter. Then they went into the shadows of the forest, and were soon lost to sight.

Sir Roland stood looking after them long after they had gone, thinking how happy he would be if he were on the way to battle like them. But after a little he put this out of his mind, and tried to think of pleasanter things. It was a long time before anything happened, or any word came from the battle.

At last Sir Roland saw one of the knights come limping down the path to the castle, and he went out on the bridge to meet him. Now this knight was not a brave one, and he had been frightened away as soon as he was wounded.

"I have been hurt," he said, "so that I cannot fight any more. But I could watch the gate for you, if you would like to go back in my place."

At first Sir Roland's heart leaped with joy at this, but then he remembered what the commander had told him on going away, and he said: —

"I should like to go, but a knight belongs where his commander has put him. My place is here at the gate, and I cannot open it even for you. Your place is at the battle."

The knight was ashamed when he heard this, and he presently turned about and went into the forest again.

So Sir Roland kept guard silently for another hour. Then there came an old beggar-woman down the path to the castle, and asked Sir Roland if she might come in and have some food. He told her that no one could enter the castle that day, but that he would send a servant out to her with food, and that she might sit and rest as long as she would.

"I have been past the hollow in the forest where the battle is going on," said the old woman, while she was waiting for her food.

"And how do you think it is going?" asked Sir Roland.

"Badly for the knights, I am afraid," said

the old woman. "The giants are fighting as they have never fought before. I should think you had better go and help your friends."

"I should like to, indeed," said Sir Roland. "But I am set to guard the gateway of the castle, and cannot leave."

"One fresh knight would make a great difference when they are all weary with fighting," said the old woman. "I should think that, while there are no enemies about, you would be much more useful there."

"You may well think so," said Sir Roland, "and so may I; but it is neither you nor I that is commander here."

"I suppose," said the old woman then, "that you are one of the kind of knights who like to keep out of fighting. You are lucky to have so good an excuse for staying at home." And she laughed a thin and taunting laugh.

Then Sir Roland was very angry, and thought that if it were only a man instead of a woman, he would show whether he liked fighting or no. But as it was a woman, he shut his lips and set his teeth hard together, and as the servant came just then with the food he had sent for, he gave it to the old woman quickly, and shut the gate that she might not talk to him any more.

It was not very long before he heard some one calling outside. Sir Roland opened the gate, and saw standing at the other end of the drawbridge a little old man in a long black cloak.

"Why are you knocking here?" he said. "The castle is closed to-day."

"Are you Sir Roland?" said the little old man.

"Yes," said Sir Roland.

"Then you ought not to be staying here when your commander and his knights are having so hard a struggle with the giants, and when you have the chance to make of yourself the greatest knight in this kingdom. Listen to me! I have brought you a magic sword."

As he said this, the old man drew from under his coat a wonderful sword that flashed in the sunlight as if it were covered with diamonds. "This is the sword of all swords," he said, "and it is for you, if you will leave your idling here by the castle gate, and carry it to the battle. Nothing can stand before it. When you lift it, the giants will fall back, your master will be saved, and you will be crowned the victorious knight — the one who will soon take his commander's place as lord of the castle."

Now Sir Roland believed that it was a magician who was speaking to him, for it certainly appeared to be a magic sword. It seemed so wonderful that the sword should be brought to him that he reached out his hand as though he would take it, and the little old man came forward as though he would cross the drawbridge into the castle. But as he did so, it came to Sir Roland's mind again that that bridge and the gateway had been entrusted to him, and he called out "No!" to the old man, so that he stopped where he was standing. But he waved the shining sword in the air again, and said: "It is for you! Take it, and win the victory!"

Sir Roland was really afraid that if he looked any longer at the sword, or listened to any more words of the old man, he would not be able to hold himself within the castle. For this reason he struck the great bell at the gateway, which was the signal for the servants inside to pull in the chains of the drawbridge, and instantly they began to pull, and the drawbridge came up, so that the old man could not cross it to enter the castle, nor Sir Roland to go out.

Then, as he looked across the moat, Sir Roland saw a wonderful thing. The little old man threw off his black cloak, and as he did

so he began to grow bigger and bigger, until in a minute more he was a giant as tall as any in the forest. At first Sir Roland could scarcely believe his eyes. Then he realized that this must be one of their giant enemies, who had changed himself to a little old man through some magic power, that he might make his way into the castle while all the knights were away. Sir Roland shuddered to think what might have happened if he had taken the sword and left the gate unguarded. The giant shook his fist across the moat that lay between them, and then, knowing that he could do nothing more, he went angrily back into the forest.

Sir Roland now resolved not to open the gate again, and to pay no attention to any other visitor. But it was not long before he heard a sound that made him spring forward in joy. It was the bugle of the lord of the castle, and there came sounding after it the bugles of many of the knights that were with him, pealing so joyfully that Sir Roland was sure they were safe and happy. As they came nearer, he could hear their shouts of victory. So he gave the signal to let down the drawbridge again, and went out to meet them. They were dusty and blood-stained and weary, but they had won the battle with

the giants; and it had been such a great victory that there had never been a happier home-coming.

Sir Roland greeted them all as they passed in over the bridge, and then, when he had closed the gate and fastened it, he followed them into the great hall of the castle. The lord of the castle took his place on the highest seat, with the other knights about him, and Sir Roland came forward with the key of the gate, to give his account of what he had done in the place to which the commander had appointed him. The lord of the castle bowed to him as a sign for him to begin, but, just as he opened his mouth to speak, one of the knights cried out: —

"The shield! The shield! Sir Roland's shield!"

Every one turned and looked at the shield which Sir Roland carried on his left arm. He himself could see only the top of it, and did not know what they could mean. But what they saw was the golden star of knighthood shining brightly from the center of Sir Roland's shield. There had never been such amazement in the castle before.

Sir Roland knelt before the lord of the castle to receive his commands. He still did not know why every one was looking at him so

excitedly, and wondered if he had in some way done wrong.

"Speak, Sir Knight," said the commander, as soon as he could find his voice after his surprise, "and tell us all that has happened to-day at the castle. Have you been attacked? Have any giants come hither? Did you fight them alone?"

"No, my lord," said Sir Roland. "Only one giant has been here, and he went away silently when he found he could not enter."

Then he told all that had happened through the day.

When he had finished, the knights all looked at one another, but no one spoke a word. Then they looked again at Sir Roland's shield, to make sure that their eyes had not deceived them, and there the golden star was still shining.

After a little silence the lord of the castle spoke.

"Men make mistakes," he said, "but our silver shields are never mistaken. Sir Roland has fought and won the hardest battle of all to-day."

Then the others all rose and saluted Sir Roland, who was the youngest knight that ever carried the golden star.

RAYMOND MACDONALD ALDEN.

TIMOTHY'S SHOES

The Fairy Godmother

Timothy's mother had a fairy godmother, who loved her dearly. When Timothy's oldest brother, the first baby of the family, was born, the godmother called to see her goddaughter.

"The baby is a fine boy, my dear. If you will let me know when his christening-day comes, I will give him a present," said she.

Then the old lady kissed the young mother, mounted her broomstick, and rode away.

On christening-day the godmother was there bright and early. She was dressed in plum-colored satin and held a small brown-paper parcel in her hand. "Mine is a small present, my love," she said, "but I trust it will prove useful."

When the parcel was opened, the fairy handed the young mother — *a small pair of strong leather shoes, copper-toed and heeled.* "They will never wear out, my dear, so every one of your children may wear them in turn," she said.

Some of the guests whispered to each other that this was a very mean gift. But Timothy's mother did not think so. She took the shoes and thanked the old lady very pleasantly.

Later in the day, when the other guests had gone, the godmother said to the young mother: "My little gift is not so shabby as it looks. Let me tell you the secret of the shoes. The little feet that are in them cannot easily go wrong. If your boy wishes to play truant, the shoes will pinch his feet till he has to go in the right way. They will also bring him home at the right time. But my broomstick is at the door, I must go. Farewell, my love." And mounting her steed, the fairy was off through the air.

Kingcups

As years went by, the mother learned the full value of the little shoes. Her nine boys wore them in turn, but they never wore them out. So long as the fairy shoes were on their feet they were sure to go where they were sent and to come back when they were wanted. At last they reached the ninth and youngest boy, and became Timothy's shoes.

Now the eighth boy had very small feet, so he had worn the shoes rather longer, and Timothy got them somewhat later than usual. Consequently Master Timothy was willful and his little feet pretty well used to taking their own way, before he stepped into the fairy shoes. But he played truant from school and

was late to dinner so often, that at last his mother resolved to bear it no longer. One morning the leather shoes were brightly blacked and the copper tips polished, and Master Tim was duly shod.

"Now, Tim, dear, I know you will be a good boy," said his mother. "And mind you don't play truant, for if you do these shoes will pinch you horribly, and you'll be sure to be found out."

Tim's mother held him by his right arm, and Tim's left arm and both legs were already as far away as he could stretch them. At last the good woman let go her hold, and Tim went off like an arrow from a bow.

The past winter had been very cold, but May had come with her sunshine and flowers. Down in the dark marsh the kingcups shone like gold. When Tim looked down and saw them, he forgot school. He flung his school-bag on the grass, and began to scramble down the bank.

But though he turned his feet toward the kingcups, the shoes seemed resolved to go to school. In going toward the marsh, he suffered such twinges that he thought his feet must have been wrenched off. But Tim was a very resolute little fellow; he dragged himself, shoes and all, down to the marsh.

And now he could not find a kingcup within reach. As Tim wandered round the marsh, — jerk, wrench, — oh, dear! every step he took was like a painful shock. At last he fairly jumped into a brilliant clump that looked quite near, and was at once ankle-deep in water. Then to his delight the wet mud sucked the shoes off his feet, and he waded about among the rushes, reeds, and kingcups, sublimely happy.

At last Tim began to feel tired. Then, too, he had hurt his foot with a sharp stump. So he scrambled out, and thought he would go to school.

Soon he entered the school and found himself under the teacher's very eye. But Tim heeded not her frown, nor the titters of the children. His eyes were fixed upon the schoolroom floor, where — in Tim's proper place in the class — stood the little leather shoes, very muddy, and with a kingcup in each.

"You've been into the marsh, Timothy," said the teacher. "Put on your shoes."

You may believe that when Tim's punishment and his lessons were over he let the shoes take him quietly home.

The Shoes at School

When Timothy's mother heard how he had been into the marsh, she decided to send him at once to a real boys' school. So he was sent to live with Dr. Dixon Airey, who kept a school on the moors. And Timothy's shoes went with him.

Dr. Airey had one other teacher in his school. He was called an Usher.

The Usher was a gentleman who had very long legs and used very long words. He wore common spectacles on work days, and green ones on Sundays and holidays.

On the whole Timothy liked being at school. Saturday was a half-holiday, and the boys were allowed to ramble off on long country walks. If they had been very good, they were allowed to take out Nardy. This was the Doctor's St. Bernard dog. The Doctor called him "Bernardus," but the boys called him "Nardy."

Sometimes, too, the Usher would take one or two boys for a treat to the neighboring town. Altogether Timothy would have been happy but for the shoes.

In some ways the shoes were of use. When Tim first came to the school, there was a big bully there who treated the small boys cruelly.

One day he was abusing Bramble minor. Suddenly Timothy rushed at him and kicked him so severely with his copper toes that the bully did not get over it for a week. Then in races and all swift games, Timothy's shoes brought him out ahead. But they made him uneasy whenever he went wrong, and left him no peace till he went right.

When Timothy went down in class, his shoes were never content to stay there. They pinched his poor feet till he shuffled them off. Then they pattered back to Tim's proper place. There they stayed till, for very shame, Tim worked his way back to them again.

At last Tim made up his mind to get rid of the fairy shoes. "But how shall I do it?" he said.

"I know," said his friend Bramble minor. "Give your shoes to some one who wants them. Then they'll be kept fast enough, you may be sure!"

One day the Usher invited Timothy to walk to the town with him. It was a holiday. The Usher wore his green spectacles and Tim had a few shillings of pocket-money.

Just as they entered the first street a ragged little boy ran beside them, and as he ran he talked. It was all about his bare feet and he spoke with a whine. And Timothy

thought, "My shoes would fit that barefooted boy."

As the Usher had business in the town, he left Timothy to amuse himself for a while. Soon Timothy came to a bootmaker's shop. In the window he saw a charming little pair of boots just his own size.

Presently Timothy went into the shop and bought the boots. It took all his money, even to the last penny. When he came out of the shop, the ragged boy was there.

Timothy stooped down and took off the little leather shoes. "I will give you these shoes, boy, if you will promise not to lose them, nor to give them away."

"Catch me!" cried the ragged boy as he snatched the shoes. Then he ran down the street as fast as he could go. Timothy's shoes were really gone!

Timothy put on the new boots, and went to meet the Usher. "Let us go up this street and look at the shops," said the Usher. They found a small crowd round the window of a picture shop. Outside the crowd was the ragged boy, but Tim and the Usher did not see him.

They squeezed in through the crowd and saw the picture. There was a great deal of pushing. Tim and the Usher had to stand

arm-in-arm to keep together at all. Just then the ragged boy put his hand into the Usher's pocket and took out his silver watch. The Usher felt the hand, but he thought it was Tim's arm that seemed to press his side. As for Tim, he thought what he felt was the Usher's arm.

But just as the boy seized the watch the shoes gave him such a pinch that he started in spite of himself. In his start he jerked the Usher's waistcoat. The Usher clapped his hand to his side. His watch was gone!

"My watch has been stolen!" cried the Usher, and as he turned round the ragged boy fled. Tim, the Usher, and the crowd ran after him crying, "Stop thief!" At the top of the street they met a policeman.

Now, if the ragged boy had been still barefoot, no one could ever have stopped him. But how could he run with the shoes wrenching and jerking as they did? Just as he was turning a corner, the shoes gave one violent twist that turned him right round, and he ran straight into the policeman's arms.

The policeman whipped out the watch, and gave it back to the Usher. The ragged boy yelled, and bit the policeman's hand, but the policeman never lost his temper. He only held the ragged boy by the collar of his jacket.

Then the ragged boy shook the shoes off his feet, drew his arms in, and ducked his head. Next he gave one wriggle, dived, and fled away like the wind. His tattered jacket was left in the policeman's hands.

The policeman was very angry, but the Usher said he was very glad. He gave the policeman a shilling for his trouble. Then Timothy went to the bootmaker, who agreed to take back the boots. The copper-toed shoes Timothy wore home.

The Snowstorm

When Timothy went back to school in the beginning of the year, the snow lay deep upon the moors. On the ice Timothy's shoes were a joy to him, for they made him the best skater and slider in the school.

One day the Usher took him and Bramble minor for a long walk over the hills. In turning homewards they were later than they had intended, and soon after a little snow began to fall.

It was small snow, and fell very quietly. But though it fell so quietly, it was wonderful how soon the walls and gates got covered.

The Usher thought it wise to get home as quickly as possible, so he proposed a short

cut across the moors. They climbed a wall, and ploughed their way through the untrodden snow, and their hands and feet grew numb. At last Timothy fairly cried. He said that, besides the biting of the frost, his shoes pinched and pulled at his feet.

"It's because we are not on the highroad," said the Usher; "but in five minutes we shall strike the right road again, and then the shoes will be all right. Bear it for a few minutes longer if you can, Tim."

But Tim found it so hard to bear that the Usher took him on his back while Bramble minor carried his shoes. Five minutes passed, but they did not strike the road. Five minutes more passed, and the Usher said, "Boys, we've lost our way. I see nothing for it but to put Timothy's shoes down and follow them."

So Bramble minor put the shoes down, and they started off to the left, and the Usher and the boys followed them.

But the shoes tripped lightly over the top of the snow, and went very fast, and the Usher and Bramble minor waded slowly through it. In a few minutes the shoes disappeared into the snowstorm, and they lost sight of them altogether.

Then Bramble minor said; "I cannot go

any farther. I don't mind being left, but I must lie down, I am so very, very tired."

Then the Usher woke Timothy, and made him put on Bramble minor's boots and walk. He took Bramble minor on his back, and made Timothy take hold of his coat, and they struggled on through the storm.

"How are you getting on, Timothy?" asked the Usher after a long silence. "Don't be afraid of holding on to me, my boy."

But Timothy gave no answer.

"Keep a brave heart, laddie!" cried the Usher cheerfully.

Still there was silence, and when he looked round, *Timothy was not there.*

When and where he had lost his hold the Usher had no idea. He shouted in vain.

"How could I let him take off the shoes!" groaned the poor man. "Oh! what shall I do? Shall I struggle on to save this boy's life, or risk all our lives by turning back after the other?"

He turned round as he spoke, and the wild blast and driving snow struck him in the face. The darkness fell rapidly, the drifts grew deeper, and yet the Usher went after Timothy.

And he found him, but too late, — for his own strength was gone, and the snow was three feet all around him.

Bernardus on Duty

When the snow first began to fall, Dr. Dixon Airey, said, "Our friends will get a sprinkling of sugar this evening." Then all the boys laughed, for this was one of Dr. Airey's winter jokes.

When it got dusk, and the storm thickened, Dr. Dixon Airey said: "I think they must have remained at the farm. Very wise and proper." And he drew the study curtains, and took up a newspaper, and rang for tea.

But the Doctor could not eat his tea, and he did not read his paper. Every five minutes he opened the front door and looked out, and all was dark and silent.

But when the Doctor opened the door for the seventh time, Timothy's shoes ran in, and they were filled with snow. And when the Doctor saw them, he covered his face with his hands.

In a moment more he had sent his manservant to the village for help, and he was tying on his comforter and cap, and fastening his leggings and greatcoat. Then he took his lantern and went out into the yard.

And there lay Bernardus with his big nose at the door of his kennel smelling the storm. And when he saw the light and heard foot-

steps, his great melancholy eyes brightened, and he moaned with joy. And when the men from the village came up and moved about with shovels and lanterns, he was nearly frantic, for he thought, "This looks like business."

Then the Doctor unfastened the chain, and he tied Timothy's shoes round the dog's neck, saying, "Perhaps they will help to lead the dog aright." Bernardus started off without a moment's pause. The men followed him as fast as they could, and from time to time Bernardus would look around to see if they were coming, and would wait for them. But if he saw the lanterns he was satisfied and went on.

"There's some'at amiss," said a laborer presently, "the dog's whining; he's stuck fast."

"Or perhaps he has found something," said the Doctor, trembling.

The Doctor was right. He had found Timothy, and Bramble minor, and the Usher; and they were still alive.

"Mrs. Airey," said the Doctor, as, an hour later, they sat round the study fire wrapped in blankets, and drinking tumblers of hot lemonade — "Mrs. Airey, that is a creature

above kennels. From this eventful evening I wish him to sleep under our roof."

And Mrs. Airey began, "Bless him!" and then burst into tears.

And Bernardus, who lay with his large eyes upon the fire, rejoiced in the depths of his doggish heart.

The Shoes go Home

After this you may be sure that Timothy loved his shoes. He would no more have parted with them now than Dr. Dixon Airey would have parted with the dog Bernardus.

But alas! it was a painful fact, that Timothy was outgrowing his shoes.

He was at home when the day came on which the old leather shoes into which he could no longer squeeze his feet were polished for the last time, and put away in a cupboard in his mother's room. Timothy blacked them with his own hands, and the tears were in his eyes as he put them on the shelf.

"Good-bye, good little friends," said he; "I will try and walk as you have taught me."

Timothy's mother could not sleep that night for thinking of the shoes in the cupboard. "Ah," she thought, "how wise the good godmother was! No money, no good

luck, would have done for my boys what these shoes have done."

Her thoughts kept her awake till dawn. The sun was just rising, when the good woman was startled by the sound of a child jumping down from some height to the floor.

The cupboard door swung slowly open, and Timothy's shoes came out and ran across the floor. They paused for an instant by his mother's bed, as if to say farewell, and then the bedroom door opened also and let them pass. Down the stairs they went, and they ran with that music of a childish patter that no foot in the house could make now; and the mother sobbed to hear it for the last time. Then she thought, "The house door's locked; they cannot go right away yet."

But in that moment she heard the house door turn slowly on its hinges. Then she jumped out of bed, and ran to the window. The little shoes pattered through the garden, and the gate opened for them and shut after them. And they crossed the road, and went over the hill, leaving little footprints in the dew. And they passed into the morning mists, and were lost to sight.

And when the sun looked over the hill, and dried the dew, and sent away the mists, Timothy's shoes were gone.

JULIANA HORATIO EWING. (*Adapted.*)

THE OGRE THAT PLAYED JACKSTRAWS

Once there was a terrible giant ogre, and he lived in a huge castle that was built right in the middle of a valley. All men had to pass by it when they came to the King's palace on the rock at the head of the valley. And they were all terribly afraid of the ogre, and ran just as fast as they could when they went by. And when they looked back as they were running, they could see the ogre sitting on the wall of his castle. And he scowled at them so fiercely that they ran as fast as ever they could. For the ogre had a head as large as a barrel, and great black eyes sunk deep under long bushy eyelashes. And when he opened his mouth, they saw that it was full of teeth, and so they ran away faster than ever, without caring to see anything more.

And the King wanted to get rid of the ogre, and he sent his men to drive the ogre away and to tear down his castle. But the ogre scowled at them so savagely that their teeth began to fall out, and they all turned back and said they dare not fight such a horrid creature. Then Roger, the King's son, rode his black horse Hurricane up against the door of the ogre's castle, and struck hard against

the door with his iron glove. Then the door opened and the ogre came out and seized Roger in one hand and the great black horse in the other and rubbed their heads together, and while he did this he made them very small. Then he tumbled them over the wall into the ogre's garden. And they crawled through a hole in the garden fence and they both ran home, Roger one way and Hurricane the other, and neither dared tell the King nor any one else where he had been, nor what the ogre had done to him. But it was two or three days before they became large again.

Then the King sent out some men with a cannon to batter down the walls of the ogre's castle. But the ogre sat on the wall and caught the cannon balls in his hand and tossed them back at the cannon, so that they broke the wheels and scared away all the men. And when the cannon sounded, the ogre roared so loudly that all the windows in the King's palace were broken, and the Queen and all the Princesses went down into the cellar and hid among the sugar barrels, and stuffed cotton in their ears till the noise should stop. And whatever the King's men tried to do the ogre made it worse and worse. And at last no one dared to go out into the valley beside the ogre's castle, and no one dared look at it from

anywhere, because when the ogre scowled all who saw him dropped to the ground with fear, and their teeth began to fall out, and when the ogre roared there was no one who could bear to hear it.

So the King and all his men hid in the cellar of the castle with the Queen and the Princesses, and they stuffed their ears full of cotton, and the ogre scowled and roared and had his own way.

But there was one little boy named Pennyroyal, who tended the black horse Hurricane, and he was not afraid of anything because he was a little boy. And the little boy said he would go out and see the ogre and tell him to go away. And they were all so scared that they could not ask him not to go. So Pennyroyal put on his hat, filled his pockets with marbles, and took his kite under his arm, and went down the valley to the castle of the ogre. The ogre sat on the wall and looked at him, but the little boy was not afraid, and so it did the ogre no good to scowl. Then Pennyroyal knocked on the ogre's door, and the ogre opened it and looked at the little boy.

"Please, Mr. Ogre, may I come in?" said Pennyroyal. And the ogre opened the door, and the little boy began to walk around the castle looking at all the things. There was

one room filled with bones, but the ogre was ashamed of it, and did not want to let the little boy see it. So when Pennyroyal was not looking the ogre just changed the room and made it small, so that instead of a room full of bones it became just a box of jackstraws. And the big elephant he had there to play with he made into a lap-elephant, and the little boy took it in his hand and stroked its tiny tusks and tied a knot in its trunk. And everything that could frighten the little boy the ogre made small and pretty, so that they had great times together.

And by and by the ogre grew smaller and smaller, and took off his ugly old face with the long teeth and bushy eyebrows and dropped them on the floor and covered them with a wolf-skin. Then he sat down on the wolf-skin and the little boy sat down on the floor beside him, and they began to play jackstraws with the box of jackstraws that had been a room full of bones. The ogre had never been a boy himself, so jackstraws was the only game he knew how to play. Then the elephant he had made small snuggled down between them on the floor. And as they played with each other, the castle itself grew small, and shrank away until there was just room enough for their game.

Up in the palace, when the ogre stopped roaring, the King's men looked out and saw that the ogre's castle was gone. Then Roger, the King's son, called for Pennyroyal. But when he could not find the boy, he saddled the black horse Hurricane himself and rode down the valley to where the ogre's castle had been. When he came back he told the King that the ogre and his castle were all gone. Where the castle had stood there was nothing left but a board tent under the oak tree, and in the tent there were just two little boys playing jackstraws, and between them on the ground lay a candy elephant.

That was all. For the terrible ogre was one of those ogres that will do to folks just what folks do to them. There is n't any other kind of ogre.

David Starr Jordan.

ARNDT'S NIGHT UNDERGROUND

It was on a dreary winter's night, just such a one as it may be now, — only you cannot see it for your closed shutters and curtains, — that two children were coming home from their daily work, for their parents were poor, and Arndt and Reutha had already to use their little hands in labor. They were very

tired, and as they came across the moor the wind blew in their faces, and the distant roaring of the Baltic Sea, on whose shore they lived, sounded gloomy and terrible.

"Dear Arndt, let me sit down and rest for a minute; I can go no farther," said Reutha, as she sank down on a little mound that seemed to rise up invitingly, with its shelter of bushes, from the midst of the desolate moor.

The elder brother tried to encourage his little sister, as all kind brothers should do; he even tried to carry her a little way; but she was too heavy for him, and they went back to the mound. Just then the moon came out, and the little hillock looked such a nice resting-place that Reutha longed more than ever to stay. It was not a cold night, so Arndt was not afraid; and at last he wrapped his sister up in her woolen cloak, and she sat down.

"I will just run a little farther and try if I can see the light in father's window," said Arndt. "You will not be afraid, Reutha?"

"Oh, no! I am never afraid."

"And you will not go to sleep?"

"Not I," said Reutha. And all the while she rubbed her eyes to keep them open, and leaned her head against a branch which seemed to her as soft and inviting as a pillow.

Arndt went a little way, until he saw the light which his father always placed so as to guide the children over the moor. Then he felt quite safe and at home, and went back cheerfully to his sister.

Reutha was not there! Beside the little mound and among the bushes did poor Arndt search in terror, but he could not find his sister. He called her name loudly — there was no answer. Not a single trace of her could be found; and yet he had not been five minutes away.

"Oh! what shall I do?" sobbed the boy; "I dare not go home without Reutha!" And there for a long time did Arndt sit by the hillock, wringing his hands and vainly expecting that his sister would hear him and come back. At last there passed by an old man, who traveled about the country selling ribbons and cloths.

"How you are grown since I saw you last, my little fellow!" said the man. "And where is your sister Reutha?"

Arndt burst into tears, and told his friend of all that had happened that night. The peddler's face grew graver and graver as the boy told him it was on this very spot that he lost his little sister.

"Arndt," whispered he, "did you ever

hear of the Hill-Men? It is they who have carried little Reutha away."

And then the old man told how in his young days he had heard strange tales of this same moor; for that the little mound was a fairy hill, where the underground dwarfs lived, and where they often carried off young children to be their servants, taking them under the hill, and only leaving behind their shoes. "For," said the peddler, "the Hill-People are very particular, and will make all their servants wear beautiful glass shoes instead of clumsy leather."

So he and Arndt searched about the hill, and there, sure enough, they found Reutha's tiny shoes hidden under the long grass. At this her brother's tears burst forth afresh.

"Oh, what shall I do to bring back my poor sister? The Hill-Men and Women will kill her!"

"No," said the old man, "they are very good little people, and they live in a beautiful palace underground. Truly, you will never see Reutha again, for they will keep her with them a hundred years; and when she comes back you will be dead and buried, while she is still a beautiful child."

And then, to comfort the boy, the peddler told him wonderful stories of the riches and

splendor of the Hill-People; how that sometimes they had been seen dancing at night on the mounds, and how they wore green caps, which, if any mortal man could get possession of, the dwarfs were obliged to serve him and obey him in everything. All this Arndt drank in with eager ears; and when the peddler went away, he sat for a long time thinking.

"I will do it," at last he said aloud. "I will try to get my dear Reutha safe back again."

And the boy stole noiselessly to the mound which the Hill-Men were supposed to inhabit. He hid himself among the surrounding bushes, and there he lay in the silence and darkness, his young heart beating wildly, and only stilled by one thought that lay ever there, that of the lost Reutha. At last a sudden brightness flashed upon the boy's eyes; it could not be the moon, for she had long set. No; but it was a sight more glorious than Arndt had ever dreamed of.

The grassy hill opened, and through this aperture the boy saw a palace underground, glittering with gold and gems. The Hill-Men danced about within it, dressed like tiny men and women. Arndt thought how beautiful they were, though they seemed no bigger than his own baby sister of six months old. One by one they rose out of the opening, and

gambolled on the snow-covered mound; but wherever they trod flowers sprang up, and the air grew light and warm as summer. After a while they ceased dancing and began ball-playing, tossing their little green caps about in great glee. And lo and behold! one of these wonderful caps, being tossed farther than usual, lighted on the very forehead of the peeping boy!

In a moment he snatched it and held it fast, with a cry of triumph. The light faded — the scene vanished — only Arndt heard a small, weak voice whispering, humbly and beseechingly, in his ear.

"Please, noble gentleman, give me my cap again."

"No, no, good Hill-Man," answered the courageous boy, "you have got my little sister, and I have got your cap, which I shall keep."

"I will give you a better cap for it — all gold and jewels — oh, so beautiful!" said the Hill-Man, persuasively.

"I will not have it. What good would it do me? No, no, I am your master, good dwarf, as you very well know, and I command you to take me down in the hill with you, for I want to see Reutha."

There shone a dim light on the grass, like

a glowworm, and then Arndt saw the elfin mound open again; but this time the palace looked like a dim, gloomy staircase. On the top stair stood the little Hill-Man, holding the glowworm lamp, and making many low bows to his new master. Arndt glanced rather fearfully down the staircase; but then he thought of Reutha, and his love for her made him grow bold. He took upon himself a lordly air, and bade his little servant lead the way.

The Hill-Man took him through beautiful galleries, and halls, and gardens, until the boy's senses were intoxicated with these lovely things. Every now and then he stopped, and asked for Reutha; but then there was always some new chamber to be seen, or some dainty banquet to be tasted; until, by degrees, Arndt's memory of his little sister grew dimmer, and he reveled in the delights of the fairy palace hour after hour. When night came — if so it could be called in that lovely place, where night was only day shadowed over and made more delicious — the boy felt himself lulled by sweet music to a soft dreaminess, which was all the sleep that was needed in that fairy paradise.

Thus, day after day passed in all gay delights; the elfin people were the merriest in the world, and they did all their little master

desired. And Arndt knew not that, while they surrounded him with delights, it was only to make him forget his errand. But one day, when the boy lay on a green dell in the lovely fairy garden, he heard a low, wailing song, and saw a troop of little mortal children at work in the distance. Some were digging ore, and others making jewelry, while a few stood in the stream that ran by, beating linen, as it seemed. And among these poor little maidens, who worked so hard and sang so mournfully, was his own sister Reutha.

"No one cares for me," she murmured; and her song had in it a plaintive sweetness, very different from the way in which the little Danish maiden spoke on earth. "Reutha is alone — her hands are sore with toil — her feet bleed — but no one pities her. Arndt sleeps in gorgeous clothes, while Reutha toils in rags. Arndt is the master — Reutha is the slave! Poor Reutha is quite alone!"

Even amidst the spells of fairyland that voice went to the brother's heart. He called the Hill-People, and bade them bring Reutha to him. Then he kissed her, and wept over her, and dressed her in his own beautiful robes, while the Hill-Men dared not interfere. Arndt took his sister by the hand, and said: —

"Now, let us go; we have stayed long enough. Good Hill-Man, you shall have your cap again when you have brought Reutha and me to our own father's door."

But the Hill-Man shook his tiny head, and made his most obsequious bow. "Noble master, anything but this! This little maiden we found asleep on our hill, and she is ours for a hundred years."

Here Arndt got into a passion; for, convinced of the power the little green cap gave him over the dwarfs, he had long lost all fear of them. He stamped with his foot until the little man leaped up a yard high, and begged his master to be more patient.

"How dare you keep my sister, you ugly little creatures!" cried the boy, his former pleasant companion becoming at once hateful to him.

But the Hill-People only gave him gentle answers; until at last he grew ashamed of being so angry with such tiny creatures. They led him to a palace, more beautiful than any he had yet seen, and showed him pearls and diamonds heaped up in basketfuls.

"You shall take all these away with you, noble sir!" said his little servant. "They will make you a rich man all the days of your life, and you will live in a palace as fine as ours.

Is that not far better than having a poor helpless sister to work for?"

But Arndt caught a glimpse of Reutha, as she sat outside, weeping, — she dared not enter with him, — and he kicked the basket over, and scattered the jewels like so many pebbles.

"Keep all your treasures, and give me my sister!" cried he.

Then the Hill-Man tried him with something else. Arndt was a very handsome boy and everybody had told him so, until he was rather vain. Many a time, when he worked in the field, he used to look at himself in a clear, still pool, and think how golden his hair was, and how lithe and graceful his figure. Now the Hill-Man knew all this; and so he led the boy to a crystal mirror and showed him his own beautiful form, set off with every advantage of rich dress. And then, by fairy spells, Arndt saw beside it the image of the little peasant as he was when he entered the hill.

"Think how different!" whispered the dwarf. He breathed on the mirror, and the boy saw himself as he would be when he grew up — a hard-working, laboring man; and opposite, the semblance of a young, graceful nobleman, whose face was the same

which the stream had often told him was his own.

"We can make thee always thus handsome. Choose which thou wilt be," murmured the tempting voice.

The boy hesitated; but at the same moment came that melancholy voice: "My brother is rich, and I am poor; he is clad in silk, and I in rags. Alas, for me!"

"It shall not be!" cried the noble boy. "I will go out of this place as poor as I came; but I will take Reutha with me. I will work all the days of my life; but Reutha shall not stay here. Hill-People! I want none of your treasures; but I command you to give me my sister, and let us go!"

Arndt folded his arms around Reutha, and walked with her through all the gorgeous rooms, the Hill-Men and women following behind, and luring him with their sweetest songs and most bewitching smiles. But Reutha's voice and Reutha's smile had greatest power of all over her brother's heart.

They climbed the gloomy staircase, and stood at the opening in the hillock. Then the little Hill-Man appealed once more to his master: —

"Noble gentleman, remember, a life of

labor with Reutha or one of continual pleasure alone! Think again!"

"No, not for a moment," said Arndt, as he felt the breezes of earth playing on his cheek. How sweet they were, even after the fragrant airs of elfin-land!

"At least, kind master, give me my cap!" piteously implored the Hill-Man.

"Take it; and good-bye forevermore!" cried Arndt, as he clasped his sister in his arms and leaped out. The chasm closed, and the two children found themselves lying in a snowdrift, with the gray dawn of a winter's morning just breaking over them.

"Where have you been all night, my children?" cried the anxious mother, as they knocked at the door.

Had it, indeed, been only a single night, the months that seemed to have passed while they were under the hill? They could not tell, for they were now like all other children, and their wisdom learned in fairyland had passed away. It seemed only a dream, save that the brother and sister loved each other better than ever, and so they continued to do as long as they lived.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

THE CHRISTMAS ANGEL

Once upon a time there was a little Princess named Theodosia. One morning she awoke very early and, as she lay in her soft bed, she heard the chiming of bells. She clapped her hands and said: "How glad I am! I know what the bells are saying. It is Christmas morning!"

She was so eager that she forgot to say her prayers. She forgot to call good-morning to the King, her father, and the Queen, her mother. She slipped out of bed and ran barefooted down the marble stairs into the great palace drawing-rooms to find what gifts the Christmas had brought her.

As she pushed open the heavy door, she heard a sound like the rustling of wings. It frightened her for a minute, but the Christmas bells rang clearly outside and gave her courage again. Presently she went boldly in. Ah, what a beautiful sight! It was not yet broad day, but there was a soft light in the vast room that seemed to come from a great white pearl that hung from the center of the ceiling.

"Ah!" thought Theodosia, "how I wish my presents might be pearls!"

Then she looked again, and saw around

the hall tablets with golden letters, and on each was a name. There was the King's name, and the Queen's name, and the name of every one of the royal household. Under each was a heap of beautiful gifts.

Her own name she could scarcely see, for it was at the other end of the long hall. She ran toward it, saying to herself; "I don't care what other folks are going to have. I want to see my pretty gifts." At last she came to the tablet on which her name appeared. Alas! there was nothing under it, — only a black leather bag. Upon it were these words, "This is for the selfish Theodosia."

Still she thought that perhaps it might contain something beautiful for her, and she quickly raised it from the floor. But it was locked, and there was no key. All she found was another inscription engraved in small fine letters, in the steel of the lock, "I am worth much to him who can open me!"

The poor little Princess stamped her bare feet on the cold floor. She was ready to cry with vexation, only she was too proud. Suddenly she saw in one of the mirrors a dazzling and beautiful angel standing behind her. She was not frightened, for, even in the glass, she could see that he was kind and gentle.

His garments were white as snow, and his face was fairer than the fairest picture ever thought of in a dream.

Little Theodosia began to grow calmer as she saw his soft, clear eyes fixed upon her. She turned to him at once and said: "I know who you are. You are the Christmas Angel."

Strange to say, at that moment she perceived that the great pearl no longer hung from the center of the ceiling, but shone upon the angel's brow.

He smiled a smile like sunshine, and then grew grave and sad.

"Poor child!" he said, "you do not know the secret that unlocks all treasures. But if you will come with me, we will find some one who can tell us."

Then he held out his hand, and Theodosia put her hand in it at once, for she had no fear of him. Out through the door they went, and out through the great archway of the palace into the wide, wide world. It seemed to Theodosia that her feet scarcely touched the ground. In one hand she grasped tightly the mysterious bag, and every little while she looked up at the beautiful face of the angel, upon whose brow the great pearl shone like a star.

As they passed through the quiet streets,

they saw few people stirring. And as they walked, the angel began to tell her the old sweet story of the first Christmas Day, and of the Christmas gift of the child Jesus which the dear God made to the world He loved. He told how the kings and wise men came from far countries with rich offerings in their hands, and how the angels sang for joy. Theodosia looked up and said timidly, "And were you there?"

The angel seemed to be looking at some fair vision a long way off, as he said, low and sweetly, "Yes, I was there."

Then the angel went on to tell how lovely was the child Jesus, so that all who looked upon Him, loved Him and began to love one another also. And then he said, "Little Theodosia, do you know the meaning of Christmas?"

Theodosia was silent, for she knew she had forgotten all this in her eagerness for her own pleasure. Presently she took courage and said, "I know that it means that Jesus is born into the world."

And the Christmas bells sounded, and sounded, and seemed to say, "Peace on earth and good-will toward men."

By and by the angel stopped at a low cottage, and opened the door. They went into

the poor, cheerless room, but they were not seen. One cannot see the spirits of heaven when they choose to be invisible. As for Theodosia, the angel covered her with a corner of his robe.

There was a tallow candle burning on the table, and a pale woman sat by it. She was sewing on a piece of work which she had risen early in the day to accomplish. A little boy had crawled from his miserable bed in the corner, and was trying to light a fire of chips and cinders gathered in the streets. He was crying silently from cold and hunger. And the pale mother lifted her eyes to heaven, and murmured over and over again, as if it were the only prayer she could remember, "Give us this day our daily bread."

Theodosia had never heard of such misery. All her little troubles melted from her mind, and she thought, "Oh, why can I not do something to help these poor people!" She could not bear to wait until she could ask the King to help them.

Just then she looked down, and behold! the bag had opened a little way of itself. Within, she saw the gleam of silver money. In an instant, and before it shut altogether again, she scattered a handful of money in the room.

Wonderful to tell, the silver shower never struck the floor, but seemed to vanish in mid-air. And lo! a bright fire went leaping up the chimney, and on the table was food in plenty, and the little boy and his happy mother were thanking God and blessing the unknown benefactor. As the angel led the happy Theodosia away, she thought the Christmas bells were saying, "Naked, and ye clothed me; hungry, and ye gave me meat; verily I say unto you, ye did it unto me!"

It was broad daylight now. Theodosia and the angel soon found themselves in an upper chamber, in another part of the city. There were a dozen little children in the room. They had scraps of newspapers and one or two tattered books from which they were learning to read and spell.

In the midst stood the teacher, a poor young factory girl. She taught the little ones of the neighborhood every morning at daybreak, before going to her work. She did this because she would not let them go ignorant for want of her help.

Theodosia heard her say: "Now let us go through our lesson quickly. Then we will all go and have a Christmas holiday, looking at the fine things in the stores and the

pretty ladies in the street. Who knows? Perhaps the King and the Queen and the Princess may ride by."

When Theodosia heard that, she thought, "How I should like to help these little ones! They have no pleasure but in looking at the pleasure of other people." The bag opened halfway of itself, and she saw there was gold in it.

For a moment she hesitated. "With this gold," she thought, "I could buy myself a necklace of pearls that I so much wish to have!"

Just then the bag began slowly to shut up again. Theodosia gave one look at the children, and quickly drew from it all the gold, which she scattered in the room.

The room changed by magic into a beautiful schoolroom. The happy children were wreathing it in green. The teacher, no longer a poor factory girl, but a fair and gentle woman, was about to distribute to them their Christmas gifts.

Theodosia wished much to stay, but the angel drew her away. When they were once more in the street, the angel said, "Do you know the secret now?"

Theodosia said nothing, but the Christmas bells rang out: —

"Not what we get, but what we give,
Makes up our treasure while we live!"

This time the angel lifted her from the earth, and carried her swiftly over the whole land, and over many other lands. She saw how many people there were who did not yet know what Christmas meant. Yes, many thousands of them had never heard of Christ who was born in Bethlehem. Her heart was now so warm with the Christmas love that she could not bear to think of so much sin and sorrow. This time she put her hand on the lock of the bag, saying to herself, "If there is any more of the magical money in it, I will throw it down upon this poor, unhappy, wicked world."

The bag opened very easily, but there was nothing in it save a magnificent necklace of pearls! In vain she looked for silver and gold. She must either give up the necklace of pearls or nothing.

So she took one more look at the beautiful gems, and then flung them down upon the earth. The necklace broke as it fell, scattering the pearls far and wide. Where every pearl fell, behold there arose by magic a church or a mission school, and in all languages were heard the songs of thanksgiving.

The angel said to her, "Now, see, your bag is empty; are you not sorry?"

But Theodosia looked straight into his kind eyes, and said, "I have found the secret now!" And the Christmas bells rang out, "It is more blessed to give than to receive!"

Then the angel caught her to his bosom with great joy. Flying swiftly through the air, he brought her back to the palace of the King. Lo! in the great hall were all the gifts still piled, and the King and Queen had not come.

He carried Theodosia to the place where her name was. Behold! there lay the black bag wide open and full of gifts innumerable. On each gift was some curious inscription. A beautiful bouquet of flowers bore the words, "These are the prayers of the poor." Upon a crystal goblet was inscribed, "The disciple's reward."

But most lovely of all was the necklace of pearls that hung from the tablet. Every pearl bore a name, like Patience, Gentleness, Truth, Innocence. Three pearls were larger than the rest. On the largest pearl, which was the very copy of the starry one upon the angel's brow, Theodosia read, "The greatest of these is Charity."

Thus she learned the true name of the

Christmas Angel; and he vanished away, and she saw him no more.

She also saw that the black bag was like her own heart. When closed to charity, it was poor and empty. When open for the sake of others, it grew richer in treasure all the time. And the Christmas bells rang once more, "God so loved the world!" and again, "Beloved, if God so loved us, then ought we to love one another."

May the Christmas Angel dwell with every one of us, round and round the whole year!

ROSSITER W. RAYMOND.

STORIES FROM REAL LIFE

SIGNS OF BABY

The last half of a long drive always seems much longer than the first. That was what the children were thinking as they sat, tired and silent, in grandfather's big wagon, and wondered why the railroad station was so far from the farm. But away in the western plains of America, railways are not so plentiful as they are with us; houses, too, are sometimes few and far between.

Katie gave a big sigh that was heard even above the rumble of the wagon, as they passed a bare little wooden house, rough and unpainted.

Then mamma said in a cheery voice, just as if she were not a bit tired, "There's a baby in that house."

"Where? I don't see one," said Eric.

"Look at the clothesline," said mamma, laughing. "On Monday afternoons I can always tell a house where there is a baby, for all the little clothes are hanging out from the wash. I feel sorry for a house where I don't see signs of baby."

"Why I never thought of looking," said Katie.

"Nor I," said Eric.

Grandfather laughed quietly. "I'm seventy years old, and *I* never looked. I'm going to begin now."

At the next house they passed there were no clothes on the line; but grandfather nodded his gray head and remarked, "There's a baby in that house."

"Why, I don't see a sign of one," said Eric.

"I see a sign," grandfather said. And he let the horses walk slowly past the house.

Then Katie saw it. "There's a board nailed across the kitchen door to keep him from tumbling out," she cried. And just then a round, curly head with two big brown eyes appeared above the board.

"Oh," said Eric, "there he is, sure enough; I was looking for his clothes."

It was great fun after that watching all the houses for signs of baby.

"Listen! There's a baby in there," said mamma, as they passed a bright new house, and from the open door they heard a low, sweet lullaby sung by a woman's voice.

"Yes, there's a baby," said the children. "Drive gently, grandfather; he's just going to sleep. We must not wake him up again."

At another house grandfather discovered a sign, and such a curious one that even mother could not find it.

"Are you sure, grandfather?" Eric asked.

"Yes, I see it," was all he said. And he let the horses stop for a drink, while the others looked and searched with keen eyes.

"We give it up; you must tell us," they said at last.

And then he pointed with his whip to a bed of gay poppies where little heaps of the bright blossoms were lying at the side withering in the sun.

"Are you *sure* about that sign?" Eric asked.

"Yes, quite sure. What a little rogue he is, too, to pluck all those flowers!" said grandfather. "But if you won't believe my sign, there's another," he went on.

And this time he pointed to a little straw hat lying by the roadside with a handful of withered flowers beside it.

It was Eric who discovered the last sign of all as they drew near the end of the drive. They were passing a pretty little home with a pleasant garden in front. No one was in sight. Under a tree lay a rocking-chair, which had been tumbled over; and nearer the door lay a piece of needlework, which some one

had dropped. These were Eric's signs, but the others would not believe in them.

Just as they passed, however, they heard the plaintive sound of a baby's sleepy cry.

"There, now! Did n't I tell you?" said Eric, in triumph.

"But how did you know?" asked Katie.

"Why, don't you see? When he began to cry, his mother jumped up, and upset her chair, and dropped her work as she ran."

But now the long drive was over, and the children had found the last half of it shorter than the first after all. *Anonymous.*

AGNESE AND HER FRUIT-STAND

THE children all knew Italian Agnese and called her by name. The reason they knew her was that she kept a fruit-stand, and was blind. Besides, she had the cunningest, fat, black-eyed, crowing baby on the block; and she had a machine for roasting peanuts. The baby's father was dead, poor little one; but for that the children petted him the more. And the reason they called her by name was that everybody did. Besides, she would sometimes let the girls carry off the baby; and once in a great while she would let the boys turn the peanut machine.

Her fruit-stand was on the corner of a dirty city street. But it made up for the dirt. It was lovely to the eye, sweet to the nose, and it set the mouth watering.

Even the grown-ups noticed it. The Irish milkman, who passed it on his way home every morning, would call out to Agnese: "The top o' the marnin' to ye. It's yersel' that kin make it as purty as a picter. How is that black-eyed rogue?"

Agnese in great delight would point out the milkman to the baby. And the baby would gurgle and crow as the Irishman shook his fist in fun.

The German baker's wife next door would catch sight of the stand as she piled hot, fresh-smelling loaves in the window. And she would come to the door to say, "Ach! it does mine heart goot to see it so neat!" The poet in the house across the street would call out from his window perch in a hall bedroom five flights up, "It is a thing of beauty and a joy forever." The shabby artist in the velvet coat would stop before it and thrust his hands into his pockets, for he was hungry. "How she matches and mixes the colors!" he would exclaim. "Thy mother, bambino, can make the beautiful!"

No one but the children, though, said

anything about Agnese's blind eyes. And they said the most charming things. They admired the fruit too. You shall hear.

One morning Auguste, Katherine, and Lucy were at last up in time to see Agnese get her stand ready for the day. It was so early that the baker's shop had not yet opened, except in the cellar, where the ovens are. The Irish milkman was still on his rounds, leaving a trail of bottles of milk behind him. The poet and the artist were abed, dreaming, and shutting their eyes again if they woke, not to let the dream go.

"Good-morning, Agnese," sang out the children, as soon as her cart was near enough.

"Good-morning, my early birds," she called back at once. "You will catch not one worm in my fruit. I have brought back the soundest in the market," she laughed, showing her pretty white teeth.

The cart drew up at the corner. The children saw that it was bulging with fruit. Agnese threw the reins over the horse's back and stepped lightly down.

"How well you drive, Agnese," said Auguste. "You do not need eyes to see which way to go! You could be a coachman instead of a fruit lady."

"Ah, it is my old horse knows every step

of the way, and obeys my lightest pull on the rein." Agnese patted the horse's nose and fed him a lump of sugar from a gay pocket hanging at her belt.

"Now," she cried, bustling about, "I must take out the best and sweetest cherry first." And out she lifted her baby, cradle and all. With a finger on her lip, not to wake him, she gave them a peep. There he lay as snug as the richest baby in bed at home.

"He's fast asleep, the dear little ducky," whispered Lucy.

"Look at his fist," said Auguste; "we'd better not wake him. He may give us a punch."

Agnese set the cradle safely away. Then she was ready for the fruit-stand.

"May we help you unload the wagon?" asked Katherine. "We will be very careful."

"Yes, and we will do everything you tell us, dear Agnese," said Lucy.

"We will not eat even one grape," said Auguste.

"Ah, it is very glad, indeed, I am, to have your help," cried Agnese, "for the stable boy will soon come for the horse and cart. And before we begin I shall give each of you the very juiciest pear I can find."

The children all said together that she

must not do any such thing. They said they would not take it. But when they saw that she really wished them to have the pears, they ate them down to the very stems. I'm not sure that Auguste did not eat stem and all.

"How clever you are, Agnese," said Katherine, as she finished the last delicious bit; "you did not see the pears to pick them out."

"What a goose I'd be," laughed Agnese, "to give you bananas in mistake. Have n't I a nose that can tell a pear from a banana? Besides, — and this is how I tell most things, — have n't I my hands to touch them? I can feel their smooth skins and the neck on them. I'm not clever."

"Well," said Auguste, "some people with noses and hands and eyes, too, are very stupid. I know a boy —"

"Tut, tut," said Agnese, "to work, to work!"

You should have seen Agnese prepare the fruit-stand. When all the baskets were laid on the sidewalk, she uncovered the stand, and touched it lightly with her fingers.

"Ah, the wicked dust has got in again. I drove him out before I left. I'll banish him." She brought out a stiff cloth and did.

"Now," she said, "for our fruit. The apples may have their cheeks polished, but the pears I must rub only gently, not to crack their skins. None but fruit good at the heart shall go on my stand. I shall try you over again, sirs, before I let you pass," said she, with a nod of her shining black head.

That was the best of Agnese, she could play a game with anything.

She held each apple and pear in her hand to weigh it, and felt it over with her fingers for bad spots.

And what wonderful things she made!

When she had piled up the last pear and stuck a piece of brown stem in the top, she stepped back for the children to see.

"Why, Agnese, you've built up a big golden pear!" cried Lucy. "Is n't it beautiful?"

"Ha, you like it?" said Agnese, well pleased. "See what I make of the apples," said she.

The children watched breathlessly as she polished and piled one round layer of red and yellow apples on top of another. She had n't gone far up when they burst out together, "It's a round tower."

"So it is," she said; "I know some children who are the clever ones."

Up and up she went. On the very top she placed a green branch. It waved in the early morning breeze.

"You do make the most beautiful things, Agnese," said Lucy.

"I am sure you are an artist," said Katherine.

"Ha," said Agnese, in high good humor; "what fun to be a fruit lady and a coachman and now an artist."

"Is n't it a pity the tower must come down as you sell the apples?" said Auguste.

"But what would the bambino do for food and clothing if his mother sold no fruit and made no pennies?" cried Agnese. "I know I shall have an empty fruit-stand this evening. Am I not taking pains with it to please some little friends of mine?" said she slyly.

The children laughed with pleasure.

"Of course," said Auguste, "you might play war, and pretend that the buyers are the enemy. They are paying you to take down the walls of the tower and let out the prisoners."

"Bravo!" said Agnese, "that will be fun. Play war is much better than real war."

"Let me see now what else I have," said she, feeling the fruit. "Ah, you are round

and firm, with soft down on your cheek. I must not brush that off. I know you, my beauties; you are my downy peaches. And these soft ones in the next basket, not so large and round, but so cool to my touch, are my lovely dark purple plums. There is a downy bloom on them, too, that I must not brush off."

"Not one mistake, Agnese," cried the children.

"But my examination is not over," said Agnese, pretending at once they were examining her; "let me try to name every one; perhaps I may miss on fruits after all."

"Not you," said Auguste; "you will get one hundred per cent."

"These heavy bunches are the grapes; they were plucked this very morning, the dew is still on them," said Agnese; "I must not dry them. The long ones are the white ones and the round ones the purple. Is it not so?"

"Yes, yes," cried the children, "you have n't missed."

"Ah," said she, passing her hand quickly from one basket to another, "and now I come to grapefruit, oranges, and lemons."

"Oh, those will be hard to tell apart; do not miss, dear Agnese," cried Lucy anxiously.

"Huh!" said Auguste, "of course she won't." But he, too, bent over a little anxiously.

You should have seen the fun in Agnese's face! She put out her hand, then drew it back, and wrinkled her forehead.

Katherine saw through her. "You are only making-believe," she cried. "Time is up. You must tell at once."

"Well," said Agnese, "I hope I shall not miss. My nose shall not help me," she said, holding it with one hand. "These round heavy fellows with the smooth skin are — grapefruit."

"Good for you!" cried Auguste, waving his cap.

"And these smaller round fellows with rougher skins are — oranges."

"Right!" shrieked Lucy, clapping her hands.

"And these with the round knobs at one end of them are — are —"

"Don't miss, dear, dear Agnese," begged Katherine; "I think you should let your nose help you."

"No, no," cried Agnese, pinching it together more tightly; "they are — lemons!"

"One hundred per cent!" cried the children; "hurrah for Agnese!"

"The bananas are very easy," said she; "they won't count. And here are nuts," running her fingers through them. "I know them too. Here are those two-sided rough butternuts with the round, curved backs between. Here are peanuts like little fat ladies without head or feet, and tied in the middle."

The children chuckled at that.

"Must I prove that I know the rest?" asked Agnese.

"No, no," they said, "we'll give you a hundred per cent on the nuts, and on the dates and figs too."

Well, after that Agnese worked like a beaver. And whenever she could, she made what the children asked for.

She built the peaches up into a rosy pyramid with fresh green leaves between every two layers. At the other end of the stand she heaped a small mountain of grapefruit, oranges, and lemons, with a path made of nuts. In the center she placed the brown block of dates.

"That's a house in the valley," said Lucy.

"Oh, yes," said Auguste; "and because a band of robbers lives in the mountains, the people get in and out by a hidden door underground."

"That's the reason, too, that the house has no windows," said Katherine.

"Of course," said Auguste.

While they were talking Agnese did something to the house that left the children speechless with delight. She topped it with a pointed roof of figs.

As soon as Lucy could get her breath she cried, "I almost wish *I* were blind, Agnese!"

"Oh, no," said Agnese quickly, "keep those gray eyes of yours open to the light."

"Why, Agnese, how do you know they are gray?"

"Is n't your name Lucy?" asked Agnese.

"Agnese, you *are* clever, no matter what you say," said Auguste.

Well, such a success as that fruit-stand was! Every child for blocks around came to buy. And as for the grown-ups, they praised Agnese and the baby so much, although all he did was to crow at it, that Agnese was happier than a queen with a golden crown on her head.

"Sure it's an architec' yer mother is, ye black-eyed rogue," said the Irish milkman.

"Ach, mein friend," said the German baker's wife, throwing up her hands, "you have the talent!"

"I shall make a beautiful story in verse

out of it," cried out the poet, seizing a pen. "It will make my fortune."

"Ah," said the artist, "little bambino, thy mother has a very pretty fancy. See that later on thou carve a statue of her in fine marble."

The baby did not understand a word that he said. But the mother cried, "Oh, I have great hopes of him; his grandfather was a sculptor."

It was the children's praise that Agnese liked best. "Is n't Agnese wonderful?" they said to one another. "She does not need eyes. She can make anything with her thoughts and her fingers."

ANGELA M. KEYES.

PERSEVERANCE WINS

ABOUT thirty years ago, I stepped into a bookstore in Cincinnati, in search of some books that I wanted. While there, a ragged little boy, not over twelve years of age, came in to ask whether they had "geographies" to sell.

"Plenty of them," was the salesman's reply.

"How much do they cost?"

"One dollar, my lad."

"I did not know that they were so dear."

He turned to go out, and even opened the door, but closed it again and came back. "I have only sixty-two cents," said he; "will you let me have the book, and wait awhile for the rest of the money?"

How eagerly the lad looked for an answer; and how he seemed to shrink within his ragged clothes when the man refused his request! The disappointed little fellow looked up at me with a poor attempt at a smile, and left the store. I followed and overtook him.

"And what now?" I asked.

"I shall try another place, sir."

"Shall I go, too, and see how you succeed?"

"Oh, yes, if you like," said he, in surprise.

Four different stores I entered with him, and four times I saw the childish face cloud at a harsh refusal.

"Shall you try again?" I asked.

"Yes, sir; I shall try them all, or I should not know whether I could get one."

We entered the fifth store, and the little fellow walked up manfully and told the gentleman just what he wanted and how much money he had.

"Do you want the book very much?" asked the proprietor.

"Yes, sir, very much."

"Why do you want it so much?"

"To study, sir. I cannot go to school; but, when I have time, I study at home. All the boys have geographies, and they will be ahead of me if I do not get one. Besides, my father was a sailor, and I want to know something about the places that he used to go to."

"Does he go to those places now?"

"He is dead," replied the boy softly. Then he added, after a while, "I am going to be a sailor, too."

"Are you, though?" asked the gentleman, raising his eyebrows curiously.

"Yes, sir; if I live."

"Well, my lad, I'll tell you what I will do; I will let you have a new geography, and you may pay the remainder of the money when you can; or, I will let you have one that is not new for fifty cents."

"Are the leaves all in it, and is it just like the others, only not new?"

"Yes, it is as good as the new ones."

"It will do just as well, then; and I shall have twelve cents left toward buying some other book. I am glad they did not let me have one at any of the other places."

The bookseller looked up inquiringly, and

I told him what I had seen of the little fellow. He was much pleased, and, when he brought the book along, I saw a nice new pencil and some clean white paper in it.

"A present, my lad, for your perseverance. Always have courage like that, and you will make your mark," said the bookseller.

"Thank you, sir; you are very good."

"What is your name?"

"William Hartley, sir."

"Do you want any more books?" I now asked, earnestly regarding the serious little face.

"More than I can ever get," he replied, glancing at the volumes that filled the shelves.

I gave him a bank-note. "It will buy some for you," I said.

Tears of joy came into his eyes.

"May I buy what I want with it?"

"Yes, my lad; whatever you want."

"Then I will buy a book for mother," said he. "I thank you very much, and some day I hope I can pay you."

He asked my name, and I gave it to him. Then I left him standing by the counter, so happy that I almost envied him. Many years passed before I saw him again.

Last year I went to Europe on one of the finest vessels that ever ploughed the waters of the Atlantic. We had pleasant weather the greater part of the voyage; but, toward the end, there came a terrible storm, and the ship would have sunk, with all on board, had it not been for the captain.

Every mast was laid low, the rudder was almost useless, and a great leak was filling the vessel with water. The crew were strong and willing men, and the mates were practical seamen of the first class.

But, after pumping for one whole night, with the water still gaining upon them, the sailors gave up in despair, and prepared to take to the boats, though they might have known that no small boat could live in such a wind and sea.

The captain, who had been below examining his charts, now came up. He saw how matters stood, and, with a voice that I heard distinctly above the roar of the tempest, he ordered every man to his post.

It was surprising to see those men bow before his strong will and hurry back to the pumps. The captain then started below to look for the leak. As he passed me, I asked him whether there was any hope of saving the vessel.

He looked at me, and then at the other passengers, and said: "Yes sir; so long as one inch of this deck remains above water, there is hope. When that fails, I shall abandon the vessel, not before, nor shall one of my crew. Everything shall be done to save the ship, and, if we fail, it will not be our fault. Bear a hand, every one of you, at the pumps."

Thrice during the day did we despair; but the captain's dauntless courage, perseverance, and powerful will mastered every man on board, and we went to work again. "I will land you safe at the dock in Liverpool," said he, "if you will be men."

And he did land us safe, but the vessel sunk soon after she was moored to the dock. The captain stood on the deck of the sinking ship receiving the thanks and the blessings of the passengers as they hurried down the gangplank. I was the last to leave.

As I passed, he grasped my hand, and said: "Judge Preston, do you not recognize me?"

I told him that I did not; I was not aware that I had ever seen him before I stepped on board his ship.

"Do you remember the boy who had so much difficulty in getting a geography, some thirty years ago, in Cincinnati? He owes a

debt of gratitude for your encouragement and kindness to him."

"I remember him very well, sir. His name was William Hartley."

"I am he," said the captain. "God bless you!"

"And may God bless you, too, Captain Hartley," I said. "The perseverance that, thirty years ago, secured you that geography, has to-day saved our lives."

Anonymous.

HUGH JOHN AND THE SCOTS GREYS

On this great day of which I am telling, Hugh John had been digging all the morning in the sand-hole. He had on his red coat, which was his pride. Suddenly there came a sound which made the heart of Hugh John beat in his side. It was the sound of the drum. He had only time to dash for his cap, gird on his London sword with the gold hilt, and fly.

As he ran down the avenue, the boy had a great struggle with himself. The children were playing "house" under the elm on the front lawn. He could not bear that they should miss seeing the soldiers; but then, if

he went back, the troops might be past before he could reach the gate.

"I must see the soldiers! I must!" he cried. Then he turned toward the house and the elm. "I can't be so mean, though, as to go off without telling them," said he.

And so he ran with all his might back to the elm with a warning cry to the children. Then, with legs almost as invisible as the spokes of a bicycle, so quickly did they pass each other, Hugh John fairly flung himself toward the White Gate.

The first who came were soldiers in dark uniform. No one cast a glance at Hugh John, standing with his drawn sword, giving the salute as each company passed. Not that Hugh John cared or even knew that they did not see him. Then came redcoats and one or two brass bands. Hugh John saluted them all.

No one paid the least attention to him. He did not expect any one to notice him — a small, dusty boy, with a sword too big for him. Why should these glorious creatures notice him? Then came more soldiers, and yet more and more. Would they never end? And ever the sword of Hugh John flashed to the salute, and his small arm grew weary as it rose and fell.

Then happened the most astonishing thing in the world. For there came a new sound — the sound of cavalry hoofs. A bugle rang out. Hugh John watched the white dust rise. Perhaps — who knows? — this was his reward for not being mean. For the noble gray horses came trampling along, and Hugh John grew pale at the sight of them. He had seen soldiers before, but never any like these.

On they came, a fine young fellow leading them, sitting carelessly on the noblest horse of all. He sat erect, leading "the finest troop in the finest regiment in the world." He saw the dusty, small boy in the red coat, under the elm tree. He saw his pale face, his flashing eye, his soldierly bearing. Hugh John had never seen anything so glorious as these soldiers. He could scarce command himself to salute. But though his under lip trembled, the hand which held the sword was steady as he went through the beautiful movements of the military salute.

The young officer smiled. His own hand moved to the response. The boy's heart stood still. Could this thing be? A real soldier had saluted him!

But there was something more wonderful yet to come. The young officer will never

do a prettier action than he did that day, when the small, dusty boy stood under the elm tree at the end of the avenue. This is what he did. First he turned about in his saddle: "Attention, men! Draw swords!" he cried; and his voice rang like a trumpet, so grand it was, at least so Hugh John thought.

There came a glitter of steel as the swords flashed in the air. The horses tossed their heads at the sound; the men gathered up their bridle reins in their left hands. "Eyes right, carry swords!" came the sharp command. And every blade glittered as it came to salute.

No fuller cup of joy was ever drunk by mortal. The tears were in Hugh John's eyes in the pride of this honor done to him. He was no longer a little, dusty boy. He stood there, glorified. "Eyes front, slope swords!" rang the voice once more. The troops passed by. Only the far drumbeat came back as he stood speechless.

When his father rode up, on his way home, he asked the boy what he was doing there. Then a little clicking hitch came suddenly in Hugh's throat. He wanted to laugh, but somehow, instead, the tears ran down his cheeks.

"I'm not hurt, father. I'm not crying. It was only that the Scots Greys saluted me. And I *can't* help it, father. But, I'm not crying. I'm not, indeed!"

Then the stern man gathered up the great soldier and set him across his saddle; for Hugh John was alone, the children having long ago gone back with the nurse. And his father did not say anything, but let him sit in front with the famous sword in his hands which had brought about such wonderful things. And even thus rode our hero home.

S. R. Crockett.

BROTHERHOOD OF LONG AGO

A Half-Forgotten Incident

Over one hundred years ago, when our country was fighting against England, there came to help us a young French nobleman named Lafayette. Although only a boy of nineteen years, he had run away from his country because he longed to fight for liberty. He said that he came to learn, not to teach, and, from the first, he took George Washington for an ideal.

Lafayette and Washington became life-long friends. Lafayette named his son for

Washington and, on his return to America in 1787, he paid a delightful visit to Washington at Mount Vernon. He promised soon to return, but almost forty years passed by before he kept his word.

He came at last, in 1824, a bent old man, with a heart loyal as ever to his adopted country. He visited every State and Territory in the Union and was welcomed everywhere with the warmest enthusiasm. Receptions, dinner parties, and balls followed each other in brilliant succession, always with Lafayette the chief figure. The welcome of the people was voiced in a song of the time: —

"We bow not the neck,
We bend not the knee,
But our hearts, Lafayette,
We surrender to thee."

The incident that I am to relate occurred during the visit of 1824.

A brilliant reception was under way. A slowly moving line of stately guests passed by the noble old marquis, who greeted each with courtly grace. Presently there approached an old soldier clad in a worn Continental uniform. In his hand was an ancient musket, and across his shoulder was thrown a small blanket, or rather a piece of

blanket. On reaching the marquis, the veteran drew himself up in the stiff fashion of the old-time drill and gave the military salute. As Lafayette returned the salute, tears sprang to his eyes. The tattered uniform, the ancient flintlock, the silver-haired veteran, even older than himself, recalled the dear past.

"Do you know me?" asked the soldier. Lafayette's manner had led him to think himself personally remembered.

"Indeed, I cannot say that I do," was the frank reply.

"Do you remember the frosts and snows of Valley Forge?"

"I shall never forget them," answered Lafayette.

"One bitter night, General Lafayette, you were going the rounds at Valley Forge. You came upon a sentry in thin clothing and without stockings. He was slowly freezing to death. You took his musket, saying, 'Go to my hut. There you will find stockings, a blanket, and a fire. After warming yourself, bring the blanket to me. Meanwhile I will keep guard.'

"The soldier obeyed directions. When he returned to his post, you, General Lafayette, cut the blanket in two. One half you kept,

the other you presented to the sentry. Here, General, is one half of that blanket, for I am the sentry whose life you saved."

FANNY E. COE.

THE DUTCH BOOR AND HIS HORSE

WHEN I was a small child and went to school, too young to read, I heard a thing read, of a horse, that made my cheeks wet with hot tears. The man who owned the horse lived at the Cape of Good Hope, and was called a Dutch boor, which means that he was a poor man of Dutch blood who was born on the soil of that hot land, and tilled it with the plough and hoe.

He was a kind man at heart, though rough in look and speech. He loved his mare, and she loved him, and was with him by day, and near him by night. She was proud to have him on her back, and would dash through swamps, ponds, and fire, too, if he wished it.

But a day came that proved the faith and love of her stout heart and the soul of the man. A great storm came down on the sea. The waves roared, and rose as high as the hills. Their white tops foamed with rage at the winds that smote them with all their might.

Night drew near, and it was a scene to make one quake with fear. Right in the midst of all this rage and roar of wind and sea, a great ship, with sails rent, and helm gone, came in sight. It rode on the high, white waves, straight on to a reef of rocks, too far from the shore to be reached with a rope.

The ship was full of young and old, whose cries for help could be heard, loud as was the voice of the storm. Their boats were gone like the shells of eggs. There was no wood with which to build a raft. The waves leaped on the ship like great white wolves bent on their prey. How could one soul of them all be saved?

The men on shore could but look on the sad sight. They could give no help. They had no boat or raft, and their hearts were sick within them.

Then the Dutch boor was seen to draw near at full speed on his horse. Down he came to the beach, nor did he stop there one breath of time.

He spoke a word to her which she knew, and with no touch of whip or spur she dashed in, and, with a rope tied to her tail, swam the sea to the ship's side. She wheeled, and stamped her way on the white surge with a

row of men to the shore. There she stayed but for a breath.

At the soft word and touch she knew so well, she turned, and once more ploughed through the surge to the ship, and brought back a load of young and old. Once more she stood on the beach, amidst tears of joy that fell from all eyes. She stood there weak, as wet with sweat as with the sea. The night fell down fast on the ship. There were still a few more left on it, and their cries for help came on the wind to the shore.

The thoughts that tugged at the brave man's heart will not be known in this world. The cries from the ship pierced it through and through. He could not bear to hear them. He spoke a low, soft word to his horse; he put his hand to her neck, and seemed to ask her if she could do it. She turned her head to him with a look that meant, "If you wish it, I will try." He did wish it, and she tried to the last pulse of her heart.

She walked straight into the wild sea. All on shore held their breath at the sight. She was weak, but brave. Now and then the white surge buried her head; then she rose and shook the brine out of her eyes.

Foot by foot she neared the ship. Now the last man had caught the rope. Once

more she turned her head to the beach. Shouts and prayers came from it to keep up her strength.

The tug was for a life she loved more than her own. She broke her veins for it halfway between ship and shore. She could lift her feet no more; her mane lay like black sea-weed on the waves while she tried to catch one more breath; then, with a groan, she went down with all the load she bore, and a wail went out from the land for the loss of a life that had saved from death nearly all of a ship's crew of men.

Thus dared and died in the sea the brave Dutch boor and his horse.

They were as friends, one in life, one in death; and both might well have place and rank with the best lives and deaths we read of in books for young or old.

ELIHU BURRITT.

HOW BLACK AGNES KEPT HER CASTLE

"Cam' I early, cam' I late,
I found Black Agnes at the gate."

"WE will keep it," laughed Black Agnes with a proud little tilt of her chin — "we will keep our castle whilst one stone of it

stands upon another; aye, though the English Edward himself were clamoring at our gates!"

She was the daughter of the gallant Randolph, Earl of Murray, and the wife of the powerful Earl of March. She was, also, a countess and a very great lady; but Black Agnes was the name the Scottish folk gave her, because the soft thick hair that crowned her small head was as black as night; and the bright eyes that laughed at you from underneath curving dark eyebrows were likewise black, like two sloes; and because the lady's face, though softly tinted and clear, was, nevertheless, as brown as a berry. Yet, in spite of her gypsy looks, she was as fair to see as any maiden in the land, who boasted yellow hair and a skin like roses and snow.

She lived in the castle of Dunbar, the Earl of March's sturdy fortress-home, which stands perched upon the rocks of the North Berwickshire coast, with the waves of the wild North Sea ever tumbling and sounding below it. But, just now, her lord was away at the wars, fighting with Sir Andrew Murray, the Scottish Regent, for the little King David, against the English, who were once more overrunning the kingdom after the death of the good Robert Bruce.

There seemed to be bands of Englishmen

making war in every corner of the country. On every side skirmishes were being fought daily, castles taken, retaken, and surrendered; and here, on the landward side of Dunbar, a hostile force had encamped and was laying siege to the castle. A large, strong, well-armed force it was, commanded by no less a person than Montague, Earl of Salisbury, with his companion and brother-in-arms, the Earl of Arundel.

My Lord Montague had set himself and his forces down before the Earl of March's stronghold with a firm determination to take it and keep it, but he had forgotten that there was Black Agnes to reckon with. My Lady of Dunbar had as stubborn a will as my Lord of Salisbury, and the idea of giving up her husband's castle to her country's enemies was something that never so much as entered her steadfast mind. Besides, five years before, her well-beloved brother had been slain by English hands in the battle of Dupplin Moor, and, since that time, the Countess's hatred for Englishmen had been bitterer than ever.

So the siege commenced, and the Earl of Salisbury soon found out that Black Agnes had made no idle boast when she declared she would keep the castle against all comers.

To begin with, my lady seemed to have no fear at all of any one or any thing. Her castle was strong and sufficiently provided with stores to hold out for some time, and her husband had left a goodly supply of men to guard her and his home. Again, the saucy dame made so light of this besieging. She would not listen to Montague's threats, she would not be daunted by the sight of his arms and men. She stood upon her castle towers and sent down jests and merry laughter, mingling with the whizz of her retainers' arrows and stones, upon the heads of the English below.

"I am a woman," she said once, with a twist of her red lips, — "a woman, with a woman's frail body; but thank Heaven! my spirit, I think, is the spirit of a man and a soldier. So — have at ye! my Lord of Salisbury!" And, as if in answer to her words, stout-hearted William Spens, a bluff old retainer and her head archer, would bid his men shower down a rain of arrows "for the English dogs to taste."

But Montague kept to his work doggedly. Again and again the sturdy walls were attacked; again and again the forces outside were compelled to withdraw to a safe distance, glad to escape from the biting tongue

of my lady, and the still keener arrows of my lady's men. Day after day the castle shook from turret to vault from the force of the mighty stones that Montague's clumsy war-engines flung against it. The Countess gathered the maidens of her household together upon the battlements, and gave each one a white linen cloth.

"Keep the castle clean, I pray ye, maidens," she laughed. "Wipe away the dust that these ruffling gallants are making." And the ladies, laughing, too, hastened to do her bidding, for it was hard to be anything but light-hearted where my lady was. Then her clear voice came ringing down to the Earl below: "Do not fear to send us all the stones ye have, my lord, since ye find such sport in it, — 't will not harm us one jot, I swear! My maidens, as ye see, can wipe away the little dust that ye raise with your game. 'T is all that 's needed." And again she laughed.

So Black Agnes defied them gayly, standing on the walls in the face of all the storming, her white veil blowing about her in the fresh sea-wind. The fire and glory of battle seemed to leap and tingle in all her veins. Fear was a word she could not understand.

Montague was stung by her taunts, but, at the same time, he laughed grimly.

"Yon saucy black patch must be taught better manners," he said.

That same day my lady from her turret window saw another of the Earl's war-engines being rolled toward the castle. It was a clumsy wooden structure, built like a small shed, and made to hold many men. With its arching roof and rough walls it looked like nothing so much as a great mimic hog mounted upon wheels.

"Oho!" said my lady to herself softly, "my lord is bringing his sow, I see. We must hasten to receive her!"

She knew that within the engine were men armed with instruments to break the castle walls at close quarters, securely sheltered the while from the rain of defenders' arrows.

Light as a bird she fled up to her battlements and leaned over the walls. The mighty "sow" lumbered nearer and nearer. Down below the Earl watched it gloatingly, and watched also Black Agnes's lovely gypsy face laughing over the parapet. Now the great thing was quite beneath the walls.

"Beware, Montague!" came the lady's mocking voice, "have a care of thy sow!"

A deafening crash followed close upon her words. It seemed to shake the very earth, and drowned utterly for a moment the

dull thunder of the waves upon the shore below.

A stone had been dropped from the battlements upon the back of Montague's sow. A stone! — nay, it was a mighty piece of rock! The engine was completely shattered, and those who had been within it climbed out of the ruins as best they could and fled toward safety, with the arrows of Will Spens and his men whirring at their ears.

"See how they run — that litter of English pigs!" cried Black Agnes, and burst into merry laughter.

The Earl himself was standing close to the castle at that moment, with a young knight upon either side of him. All were armed in chain-mail, with the visors of their helmets down. Presently the Earl was startled by a faint cry, and, turning, he saw that the knight at his left hand had fallen and was lying dead, with one of Spens's arrows sunk deep in his breast. Montague went swiftly upon one knee and pulled out the shaft gently, gazing down at the white face drawn in such pain. The young man had been killed instantly.

"See," said the Earl, looking up at his companion grimly, "here is one of my lady's bodkins. Young Gervaise was armed, even

as you, with double mail over a leathern jerkin. But the love-shafts of Black Agnes find their way straight to the heart, by my faith!"

It seemed useless to attack the castle, for it appeared to be proof against everything, and my lady only laughed at her foes. They must try strategy, Salisbury said.

So it came to pass one wild evening that the Countess, making her usual round of the fortress before going to rest, came upon one of the warders of the outer gates who, at that hour, was off duty. At sight of his mistress the fellow approached, drew her aside, and began to whisper a long tale in her ear. My lady listened, frowned, drew her red lips together, and whistled like a boy, then smiled, and, when the man ended, patted him softly on the shoulder.

"So ! So!" she said, nodding. "And they would have bribed ye, ye say?"

"Aye, madam."

She thought a moment; then, swiftly: "Take their bribe," she whispered; "let them fool ye — thus far — or — nay, I think 't is we who will fool them. But do as they ask ye, and open the gates at midnight, as they would have ye do. I'll answer for the rest."

The warder went away chuckling.

Twelve o'clock came. The moon, shining fitfully out of a cloudy sky, showed a little band of men creeping to the castle walls. At their head was Salisbury, and, immediately behind him, came his young squire, John Copeland.

The warder had obeyed his instructions. The great gates stood open invitingly, not a soul was in sight, and the heavy portcullis loomed over them, a raised black grating.

Salisbury hastened forward, but just as he was about to cross the threshold, something slipped past him and entered before him. It was John Copeland. A minute later the huge iron barriers had clashed down before his startled eyes, and the Earl, backing in alarm, was hastily thanking his fates that he was "upon the wrong side of it." But his young squire was a prisoner.

"Farewell, Montague!" came a woman's well-known voice from an arrow-slit in the walls; "farewell, and good-night to ye, my lord. We are about to sit down to supper an' ye had been quicker, ye might have sat down with us, and afterwards helped to put these troublesome English knaves to flight."

It was of no use, the Earl was finding, to either argue or bargain with Black Agnes.

"We will starve her out," he said at last, and set himself to wait.

The days passed by, and spread to weeks, the weeks dragged out to months, and now the castle was surrounded by foes on every side — by a little army upon land, and by ships, filled with English, upon the sea.

Within the stronghold the food-stores were runing low, and the gallant defenders, still holding out, felt the bitter pinch of hunger. My lady's brown cheeks grew hollow and thin, her straight young body slighter and more frail; but her eyes were as fearless, her step as light, as ever. And her spirit was like that of twenty men. She would not give in, she would not allow her household to grow despondent; day by day she would raise their spirits with encouraging hopes and words; day by day they laughed at the jests that never, for all her feebleness and hunger pangs, ceased to flow from Black Agnes's lips.

The scanty portions of food were doled out each day, and not one crumb would my lady take more than the humblest archer upon her walls. Indeed, she often took less than her share. "I have not a man's great body to fill," she said, and laughed.

Men and maidens alike adored her; there

was no one like their Black Agnes. And John Copeland, her prisoner, although he was an Englishman, and therefore should have been a foe, became quickly her most devoted and admiring servant.

"I believe, madam," he said one day as they stood upon the battlements gazing down at the ring of English about them, — "I believe, upon my faith, ye would keep twenty castles."

My lady tilted her chin. "Aye, I would," she flashed back — "if I had them!"

Nineteen long weeks had gone by since Salisbury and Arundel first encamped before Dunbar, and at last, one fair morning that seemed full of the sweet spring promise, Montague received an eager messenger.

"My lord," began the man, "I have news —"

"What?" the Earl sprang to his feet. "The Countess gives way —? "

"She does not, sir. By no means. For last night one Sir Alexander Ramsay, with a supply of food and men, sails out from the Bass Rock yonder, and slips through our ships below there — the sly dog! — and so rescues my lady from her plight; none too soon, either." He laughed ruefully; then added, "If ye still wait at her gates, after

this, my lord, she is like to keep ye waiting five months more."

The Earl stroked his chin. "A gallant dame," he said, "a gallant dame; but what a spirit — and what a tongue! Oh, a plague upon my lady! A waiting game is ever a hard one for a soldier to play, but when it comes to waiting upon the will of Black Agnes —"

He stopped, and, in spite of himself, began to laugh. But not long afterwards the Countess, upon her lookout tower, saw my Lords of Salisbury and Arundel, with all their forces, leaving the camp where they had lain so long, and slowly, reluctantly, turning their backs upon Dunbar. Then, looking seaward, she saw the fleet of English vessels leaving the harbor and making for the open sea.

She clapped her hands softly, and, snatching the white veil that flowed behind her, waved it gayly to the Earl below. He saw it, and laughed grimly, raising his sword and shaking it at the slim scarlet-gowned figure on the walls.

"Dunbar is still the Earl of March's, and — well, there's none but Black Agnes to thank for that!" he said.

Dorothy King.

THE MOTHER MURRE

One of the most striking cases of mother-love which has ever come under my observation, I saw in the summer of 1912 on the bird rookeries of the Three-Arch Rocks Reservation off the coast of Oregon.

We were making our slow way toward the top of the outer rock. Through rookery after rookery of birds, we climbed until we reached the edge of the summit. Scrambling over this edge, we found ourselves in the midst of a great colony of nesting murres — hundreds of them — covering this steep rocky part of the top.

As our heads appeared above the rim, many of the colony took wing and whirred over us out to sea, but most of them sat close, each bird upon its egg or over its chick, loath to leave, and so expose to us the hidden treasure.

The top of the rock was somewhat cone-shaped, and in order to reach the peak and the colonies on the west side we had to make our way through this rookery of the murres. The first step among them, and the whole colony was gone, with a rush of wings and feet that sent several of the top-shaped eggs

rolling, and several of the young birds toppling over the cliff to the pounding waves and ledges far below.

We stopped, but the colony, almost to a bird, had bolted, leaving scores of eggs, and scores of downy young squealing and running together for shelter, like so many beetles under a lifted board.

But the birds had not every one bolted, for here sat two of the colony among the broken rocks. These two had not been frightened off. That both of them were greatly alarmed, any one could see from their open beaks, their rolling eyes, their tense bodies on tiptoe for flight. Yet here they sat, their wings out like props, or more like gripping hands, as if they were trying to hold themselves down to the rocks against their wild desire to fly.

And so they were, in truth, for under their extended wings I saw little black feet moving. These two mother murres were not going to forsake their babies! No, not even for these approaching monsters, such as they had never before seen, clambering over their rocks.

What was different about these two? They had their young ones to protect. Yes, but so had every bird in the great colony its

young one, or its egg, to protect, yet all the others had gone. Did these two have more mother-love than the others? And hence, more courage, more intelligence?

We took another step toward them, and one of the two birds sprang into the air, knocking her baby over and over with the stroke of her wing, and coming within an inch of hurling it across the rim to be battered on the ledges below. The other bird raised her wings to follow, then clapped them back over her baby. Fear is the most contagious thing in the world; and that flap of fear by the other bird thrilled her, too, but as she had withstood the stampede of the colony, so she caught herself again and held on.

She was now alone on the bare top of the rock, with ten thousand circling birds screaming to her in the air above, and with two men creeping up to her with a big black camera that clicked ominously. She let the multitude scream, and with threatening beak watched the two men come on. A motherless baby, spying her, ran down the rock squealing for his life. She spread a wing, put her bill behind him and shoved him quickly in out of sight with her own baby. The man with the camera saw the act, for I

heard his machine click, and I heard him say something under his breath that you would hardly expect a mere man and a game-warden to say. But most men have a good deal of the mother in them; and the old bird had acted with such decision, such courage, such swift, compelling instinct, that any man, short of the wildest savage, would have felt his heart quicken at the sight.

"Just how compelling might that mother-instinct be?" I wondered. "Just how much would that mother-love stand?" I had dropped to my knees, and on all fours had crept up within about three feet of the bird. She still had chance for flight. Would she allow me to crawl any nearer? Slowly, very slowly, I stretched forward on my hands, like a measuring-worm, until my body lay flat on the rocks, and my fingers were within three *inches* of her. But her wings were twitching, a wild light danced in her eyes, and her head turned toward the sea.

For a whole minute I did not stir. I was watching — and the wings again began to tighten about the babies, the wild light in the eyes died down, the long, sharp beak turned once more toward me.

Then slowly, very slowly, I raised my hand, touched her feathers with the tip of

one finger — with two fingers — with my whole hand, while the loud camera click-clacked, click-clacked, hardly four feet away!

It was a thrilling moment. I was not killing anything. I had no long-range rifle in my hands, coming up against the wind toward an unsuspecting creature hundreds of yards away. This was no wounded leopard charging me; no mother-bear defending with her giant might a captured cub. It was only a mother-bird, the size of a wild duck, with swift wings at her command, hiding under those wings her own and another's young, and her own boundless fear!

For the second time in my life I had taken captive with my bare hands a free wild bird. No, I had not taken her captive. She had made herself a captive; she had taken herself in the strong net of her mother-love.

And now her terror seemed quite gone. At the first touch of my hand I think she felt the love restraining it, and without fear or fret she let me feel under her and pull out the babies. But she reached after them with her bill to tuck them back out of sight, and when I did not let them go, she sidled toward me, quacking softly, a language that I perfectly understood, and was quick to respond to. I gave them back, fuzzy and

black and white. She got them under her, stood up over them, pushed her wings down hard around them, her stout tail down hard behind them, and together with them pushed in an abandoned egg that was close at hand. Her own baby, some one else's baby, and some one else's forsaken egg! She could cover no more; she had not feathers enough. But she had heart enough; and into her mother's heart she had already tucked every motherless egg and nestling of the thousands of frightened birds, screaming and wheeling in the air high over her head.

DALLAS LORE SHARP.

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

ā, as in fāte
ǟ, " " sen′ǟte
â, " " câre
ă, " " ăm
ä, " " ärm
å, " " åsk
ă, " " fi′nă̆l

ē, as in ēve
ȩ̄, " " ȩ̄-vent′
ĕ, " " ĕnd
ḝ, " " ev′ḝr
ĕ, " " *rĕ′cĕnt*

ī, as in īce
ı̄, " " ı̄ll

ō, as in ōld
ȱ, " " ȱ-bey′
ô, " " ôrb
ŏ, " " ŏdd
ŏ, " " *cŏn-nect′*
o͞o, " " fo͞od

ū, as in ūse
ů̄, " " ů̄-nite′
û, " " ûrn
ŭ, " " ŭp
ŭ, " " *cir′cŭs*

PROPER NAMES

Agnes	ăg′nĕs
Agnese	ăg′nĕz
Airey	âr′ı̆
Andrew	ăn′dro͞o
Arndt	ärnt
Arundel	ăr′ŭn-dĕl
Auguste	ô′gŭst
Ballygan	băl-ı̆-găn′
Band-beggar	bănd-bĕg′ḝr
Barnes	bärnz
Bass	bås
Bernardus	bĕr-när′dŭs
Berwickshire	bĕr′ı̆k-shḝr
Bethlehem	bĕth′lē-hĕm
Bramble	brăm′b`l
Bruce	bro͞os
Burd Ellen	bûrd ĕl′ĕn
Childe Rowland	chīld rō′lănd
Cincinnati	sĭn′sĭ-nât′ı̆
Copeland	kōp′lănd
David	dā′vĭd
Dixon	dĭk′sŭn
Dunbar	dŭn-bär′
Dupplin	dŭp′lĭn

Edward	ĕd′wẽrd
Ellen	ĕl′ĕn
Eric	ĕr′ĭk
Ettin	ĕt′tĭn
Gervase	jẽr′vās
Hartley	härt′lĭ
Hugh	hū
Hurricane	hŭr′ĭ-kān
Ireland	īr′lă̈nd
Jack	jăk
Jerome	jē-rōm′
Jesper	jĕs′pẽr
Jock	jŏk
Julian	jo͞ol′yă̈n
Katherine	kăth′ĕr-ĭn
Lafayette	lä′fā-yĕt′
Leo	lē′ō
Malcolm	măl′kŭm
March	märch
Merlin	mûr′lĭn
Montague	mŏn′tȧ-gū
Murray	mŭr′ĭ
Nora	nō′rȧ
Randolph	răn′dŏlf
Reutha	roi′tȧ
Robert	rŏb′ĕrt
Roger	rŏj′ĕr
Roland	rō′lă̈nd
Rowland	rō′lȧnd
Salisbury	sôlz′bẽr-ĭ
Scotland	skŏt′lănd
Silly	sĭl′ĭ
Spens	spĕns
Theodosia	thē′ō-dō′shĭ-ȧ
Timothy	tĭm′ō-thĭ
Vernon	vûr′nŭn
Weirds	wērdz